



HERGÉ · RODIER ·

THE ADVENTURES OF TINTIN

# TINTIN *and* ALPH-ART



the.cult.of.tintin

• Hergé • Rodier • Richard •

# TINTIN *and* ALPH-ART





- A TRIBUTE TO HERGÉ -

THE ADVENTURES OF TINTIN

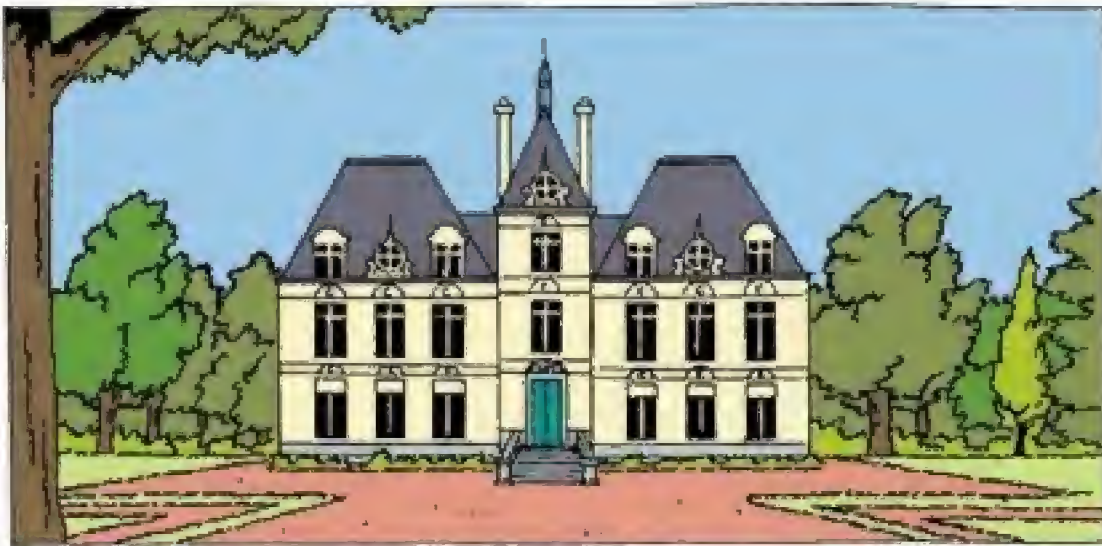
# TINTIN *and* ALPH-ART



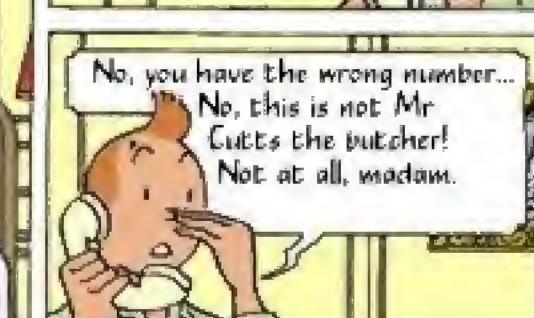
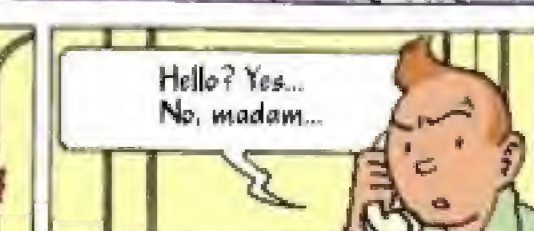
the.cult.of.tintin



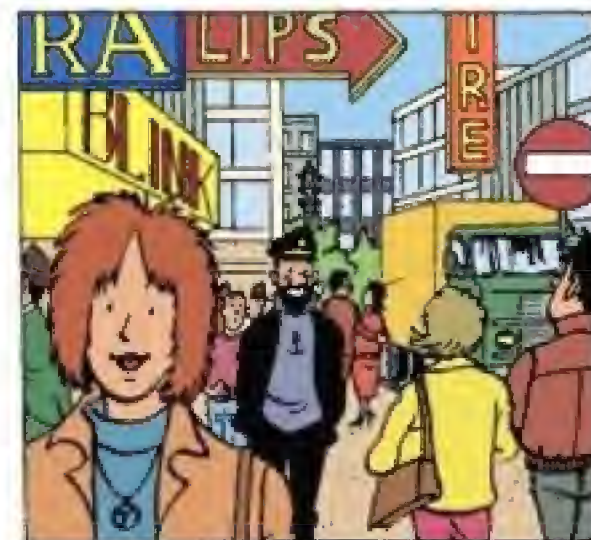
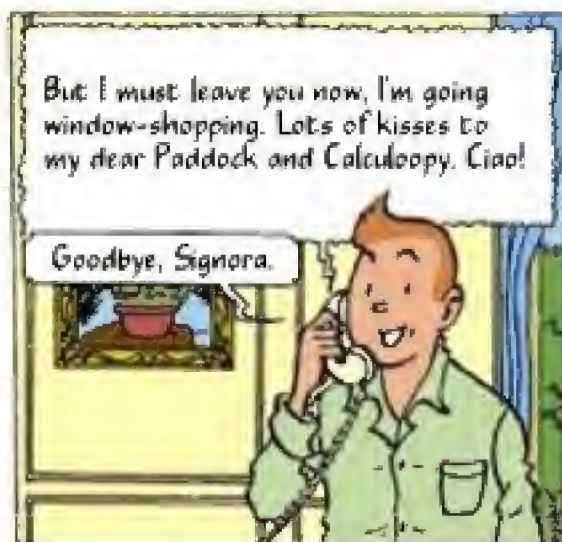
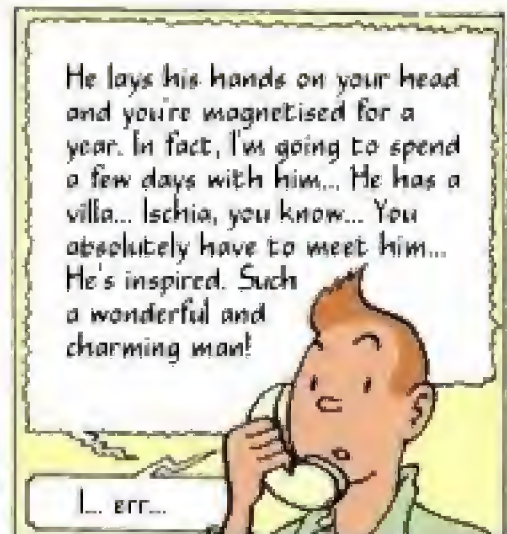
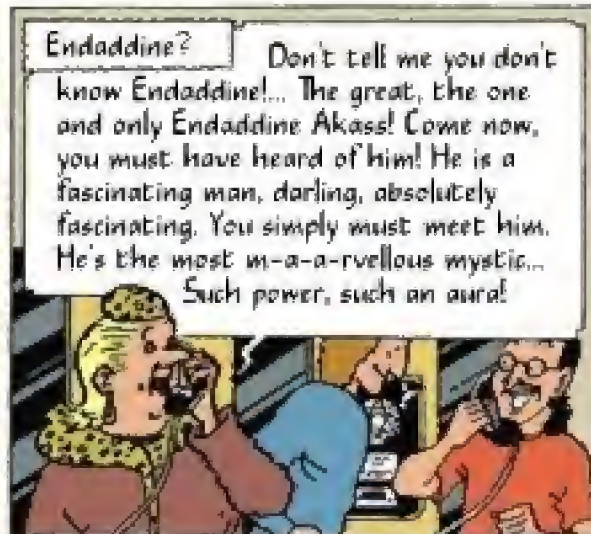
# TINTIN and ALPH-ART



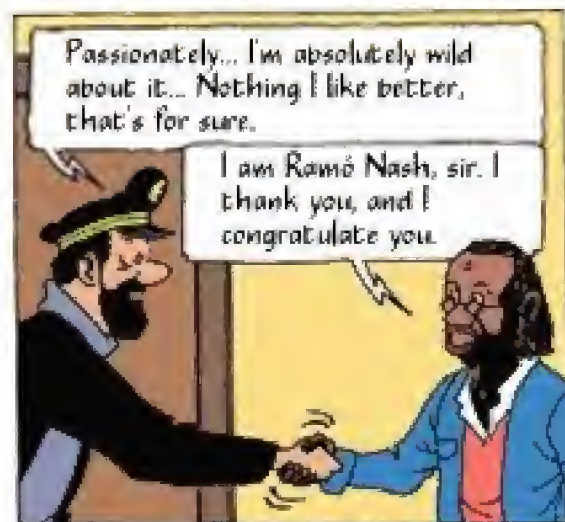
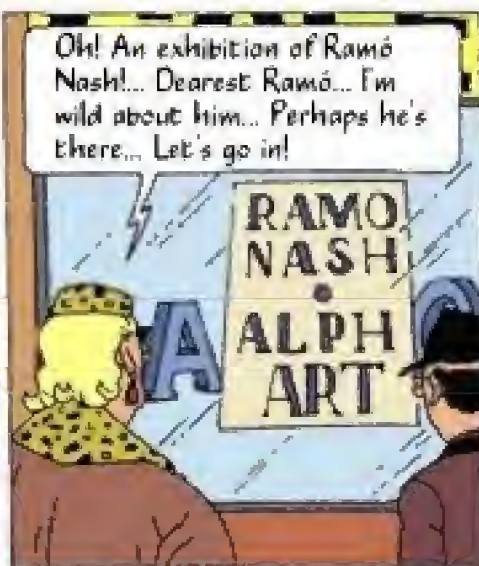














Dearest Bianca!

Ramó! ... Darling, what a surprise!  
My goodness me!



SMACK



My dear friend, allow me to  
present an art lover ...



Captain Stopeck! ... You here! ...  
What a surprise!

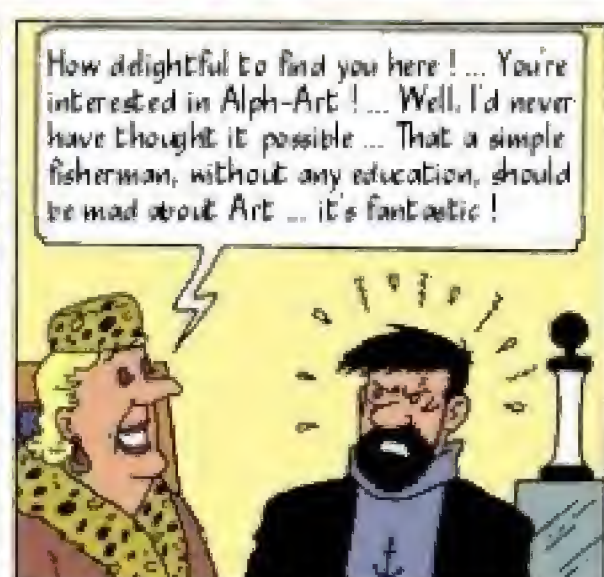
Bianca! ... You here! ...  
What a surprise!



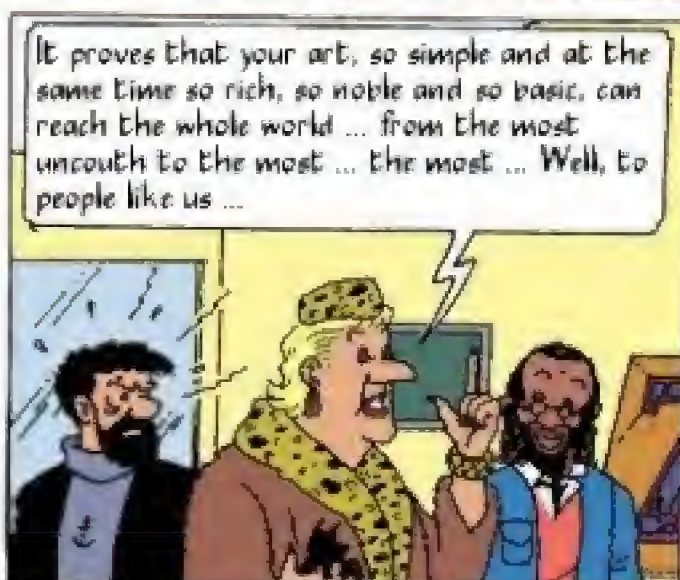
SMACK SMACK



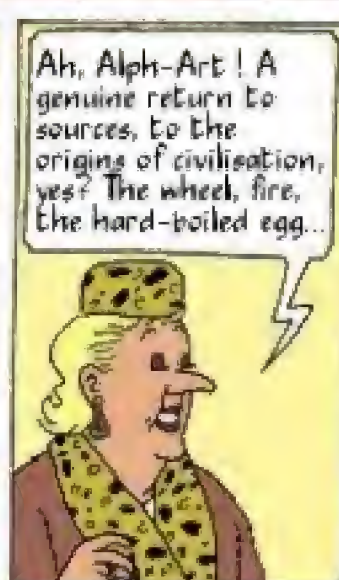
How delightful to find you here! ... You're  
interested in Alph-Art! ... Well, I'd never  
have thought it possible ... That a simple  
fisherman, without any education, should  
be mad about Art ... it's fantastic!



It proves that your art, so simple and at the  
same time so rich, so noble and so basic, can  
reach the whole world ... from the most  
uncouth to the most ... the most ... Well, to  
people like us ...



Ah, Alph-Art! A  
genuine return to  
sources, to the  
origins of civilisation,  
yes? The wheel, fire,  
the hard-boiled egg...



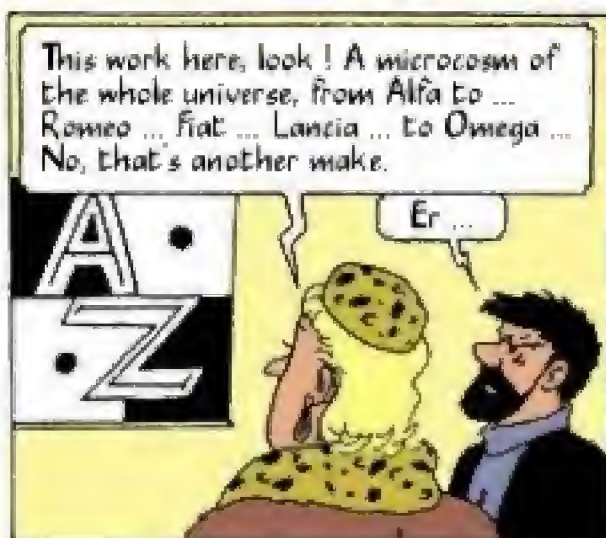
Look at that, Captain Kapok! What  
strength, what nobility! You feel  
better when you've seen that,  
don't you?

Er ... Um ...



This work here, look! A microcosm of  
the whole universe, from Alfa to ...  
Romeo ... Fiat ... Lancia ... to Omega ...  
No, that's another make.

Er ...



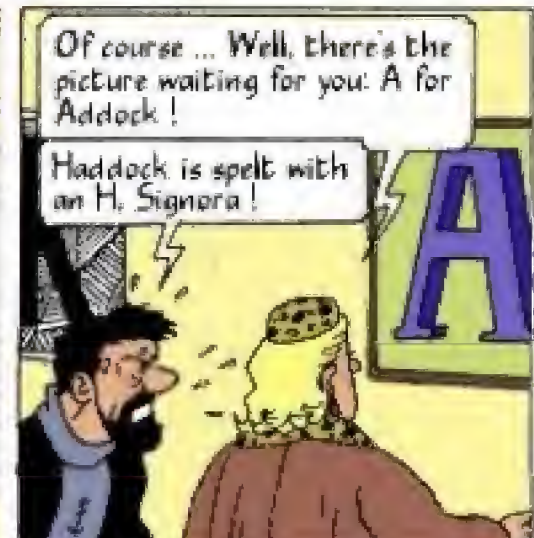
Oh, this one! Especially for you,  
Captain ... K, for Kapok!

My name is Haddock,  
Signora Bianca!



Of course ... Well, there's the  
picture waiting for you: A for  
Addock!

Haddock is spelt with  
an H, Signora!





In that case, I have precisely what you need ... This H in Perspex! ... Not just Alph-Art, but Personalph-Art!

Inspired ... Sublime ... Marvellous ... Transcendant!

It's exactly what you need, dear friend! You can't let it go: this piece was waiting for you!

Bianca is right, sir. Such a chance may never come your way again ...

That evening ...

Good evening, sir. I hope you have had a good day.

You could say so, Nestor.

Is that you, Captain?

Here! Come quickly!

You've come just in time ... it's an interview with Emir Ben Kalish Ezab...

Yes, I came to Europe to do a little shopping ... I've offered to buy Windsor Castle from the British government, so I can put it up outside Wadesdah ... But the British government refused, despite their great financial difficulties. One wonders why?

The same brush-off in France, with Versailles and the Eiffel Tower. Everywhere I was met with incomprehension. I was just about to offer a considerable sum for the refinery they built recently in Paris, and then used as a museum ...

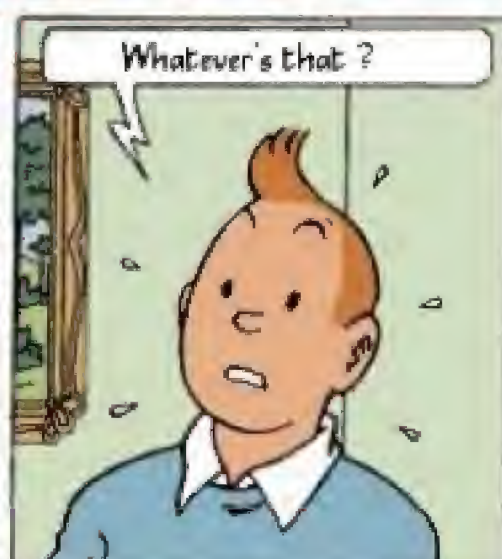
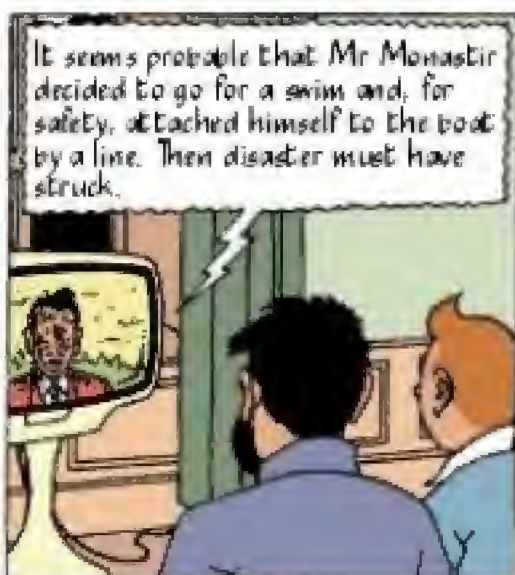
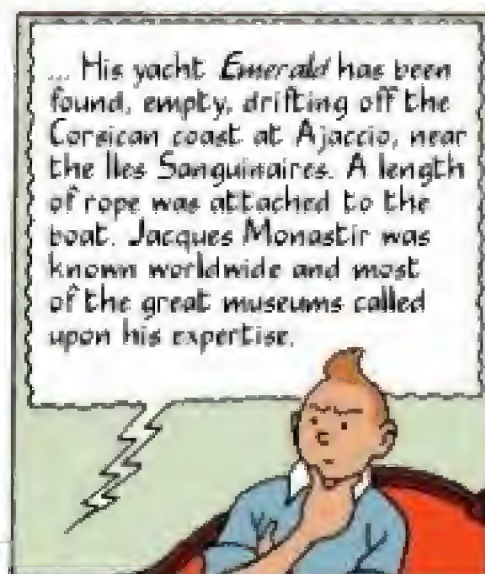
The Beaubourg Centre, Excellency? But it's not a refinery, it really is a museum.

I know, I know ... That's the official story they gave to me. But I can tell you, it's my line, and I know what I'm talking about: it is a refinery turned into a museum, and that's that! Now I've decided to build my own museum looking like a refinery on the outside, to keep up with the fashion. But ...

BOOM!

Great snakes! ... A terrorist attack ... Let's hope ...









It's Alph-Art, even Personalph-Art ...  
H for Haddock, d'you get it?

I ... Ah! Yes, er ...



And do you know, it's signed by  
Ramó Nash, the famous  
Jamaican artist ... You've heard  
of him, haven't you?

Er, the name  
certainly rings a  
bell with me, but ...



Hello, my friends.



Cuthbert! How are you?

A little chilly for the time of year,  
but still ... Hello, what is that?



That's a work by Ramó Nash!



I can see perfectly well it's an H, for  
goodness sake! ... But what is it for?

Nothing! ... Nothing at  
all! It's a work of art!  
And a work of art isn't  
for anything! Art is art!



A cart? ... You are making fun of  
me, Captain! ... I've had quite  
enough of that sort of joke ...

But ...



H for cart! ... Really, what do  
you take me for?

But Cuthbert,  
I ... you ...



I ... er ... it's very nice, Captain ...  
Most original ...

Isn't it? And ... er ... you  
know, when I saw that I  
was suddenly struck ...



Good evening, everyone.

Good evening!



Goodness gracious! Where did that  
come from? It looks like an H!  
What is it for?

It is an H!





It isn't for anything !!! It's Alph-Art, that's all. And it isn't for anything !



Oh, good ! Oh well! Oh ! Good, good, good.

Well, well.



And what fair wind blows you here, gentlemen ?

Well, it's like this.



Perhaps you know that Emir Ben Kalish Ezab is on a visit to this country ...

Yes, we just saw him on television.



Well, we have received certain information which makes us fear a terrorist attack upon him.

Really ?

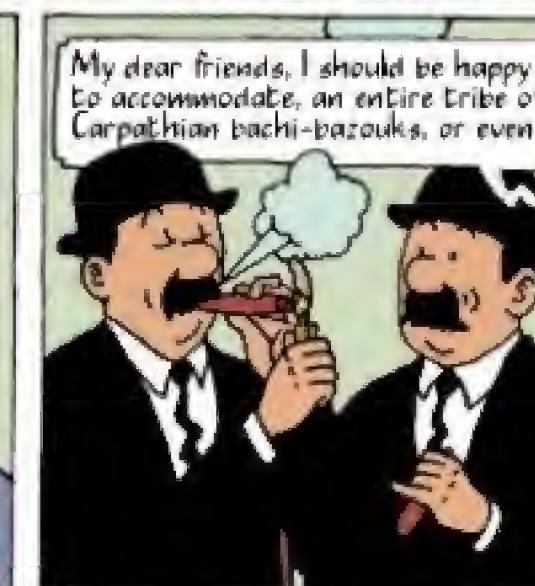


Yes, it's feared that he may be kidnapped by a Palestinian commando.



Well, we thought that perhaps, since you know him well, you might put him up here, incognito, him and his son ... A cigar, Captain ?

Thanks.



My dear friends, I should be happy to accommodate, an entire tribe of Carpathian bachibazouks, or even ...



... or even a herd of fully-grown buffalo ... but have young Abdullah here ? Never again ! Not a chance !



But he's the nicest little boy in the world ... These cigars were smoking, he gave them to us himself.

That was kind, eh ?

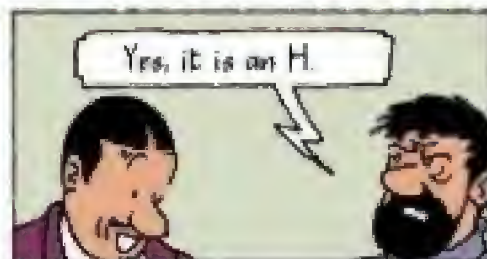
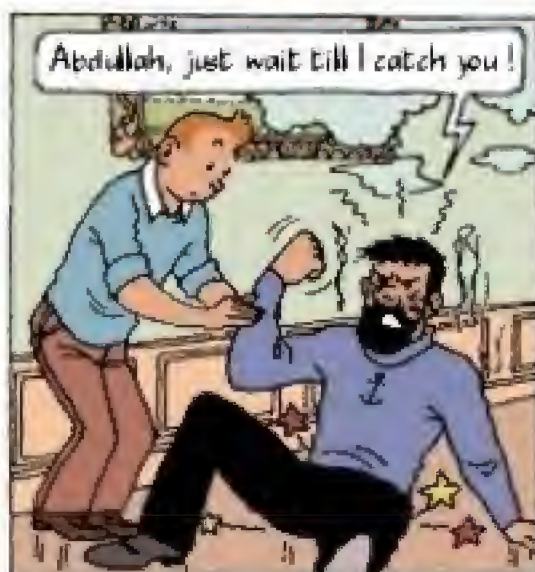


You think so ? Well, if I were you I'd watch out, because that little brat ...

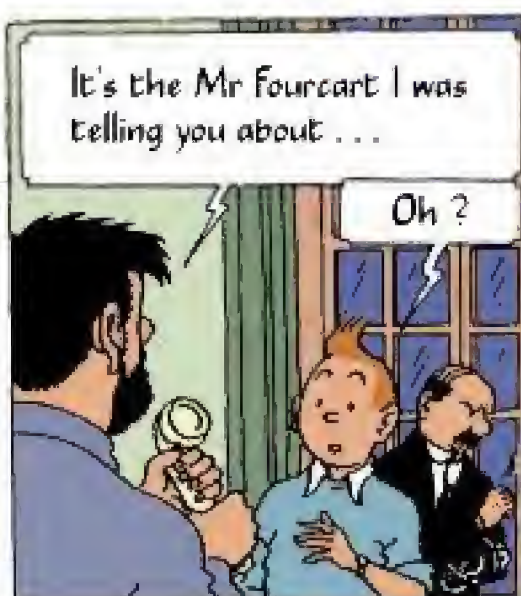


BANG ! BANG !









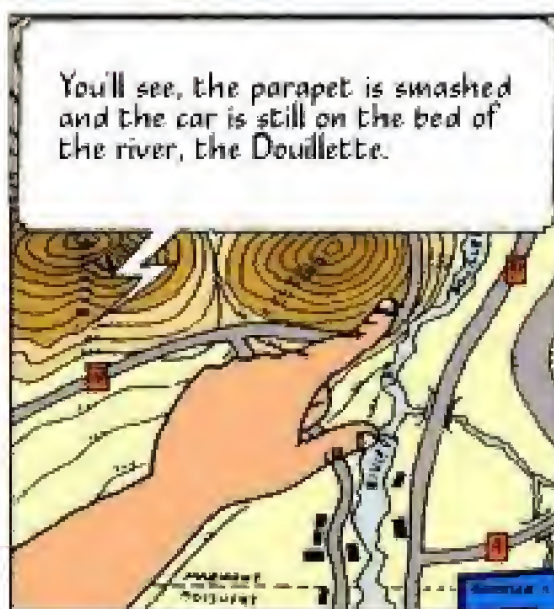
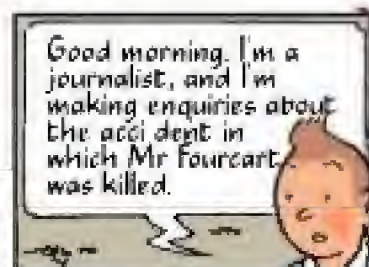
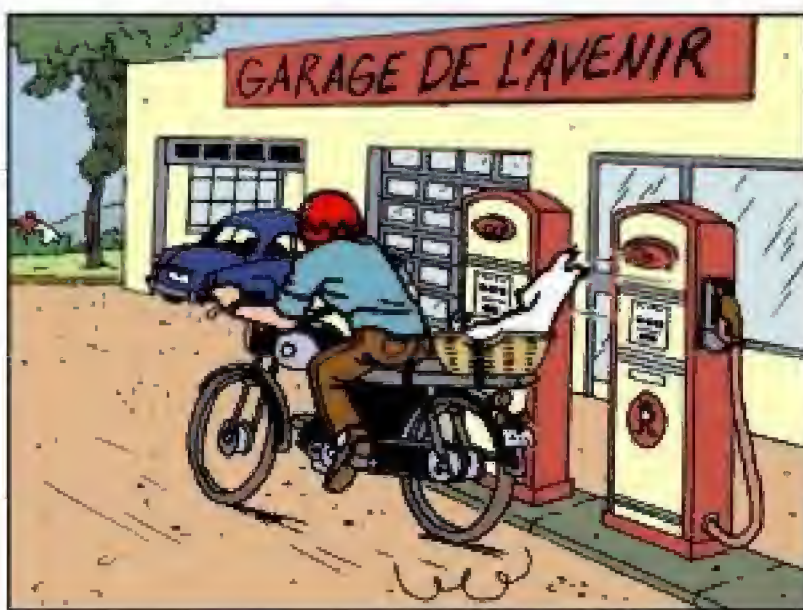




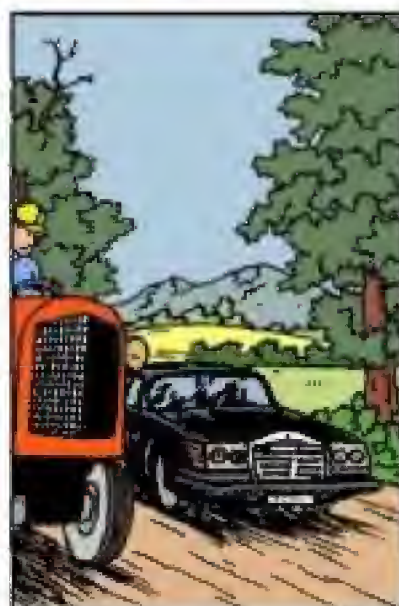
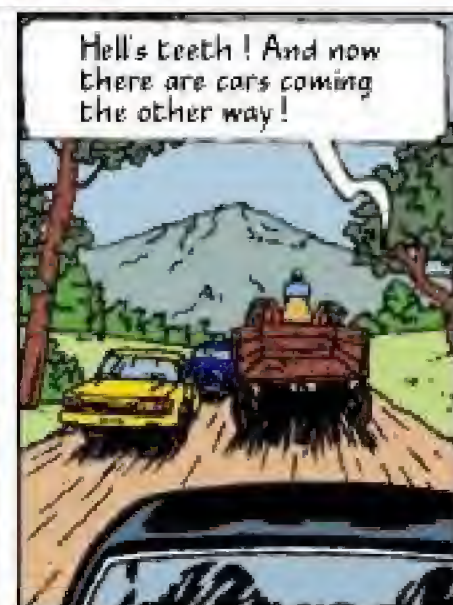
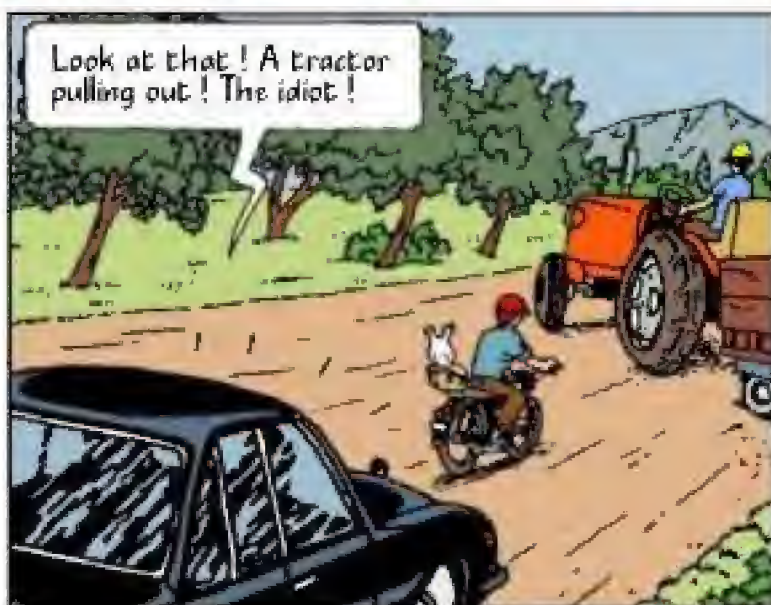
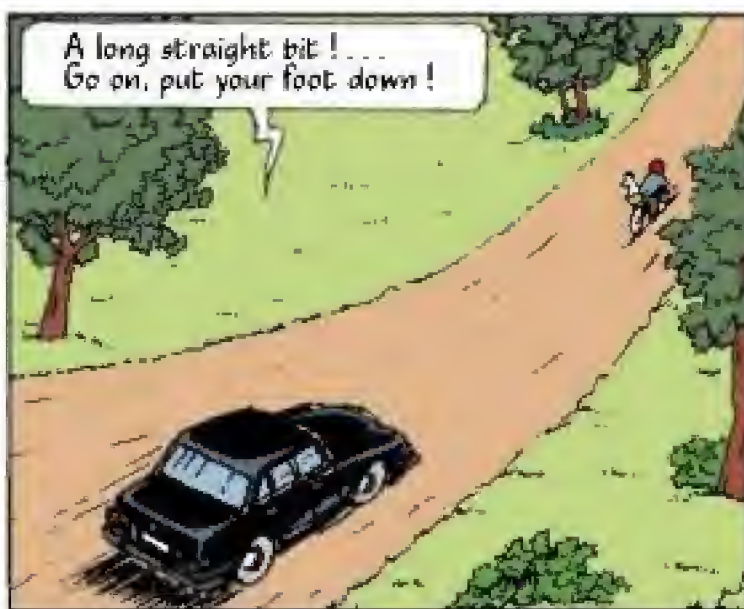
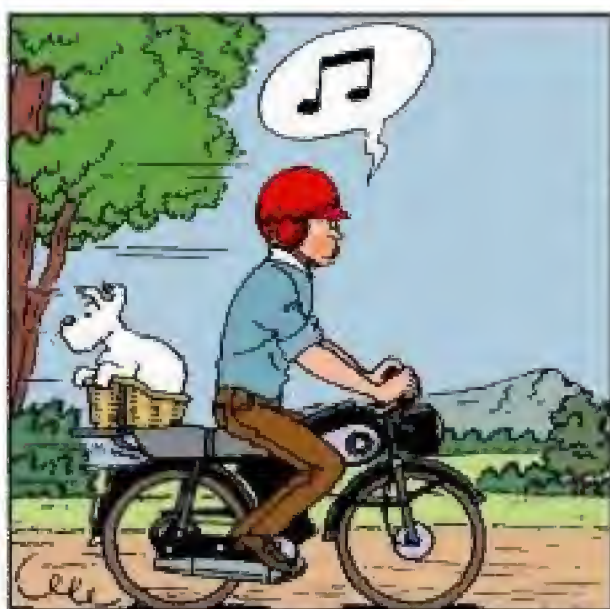




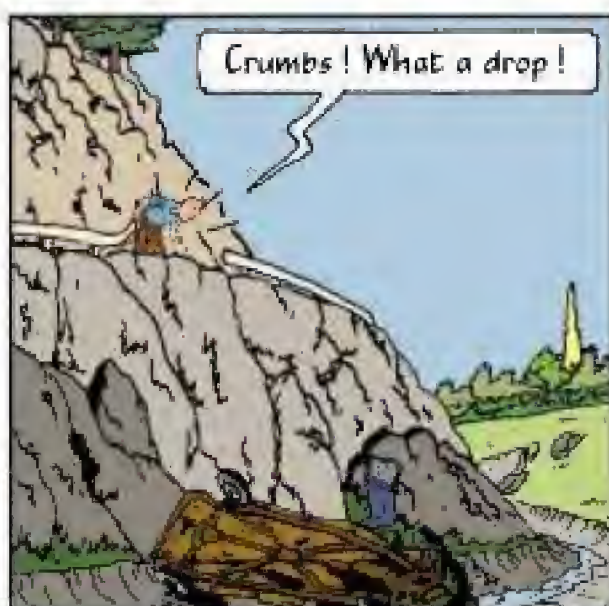
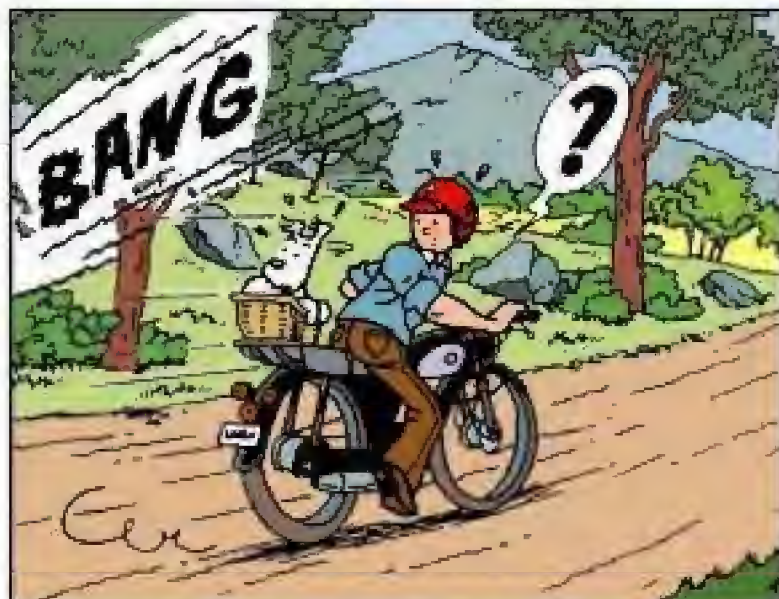














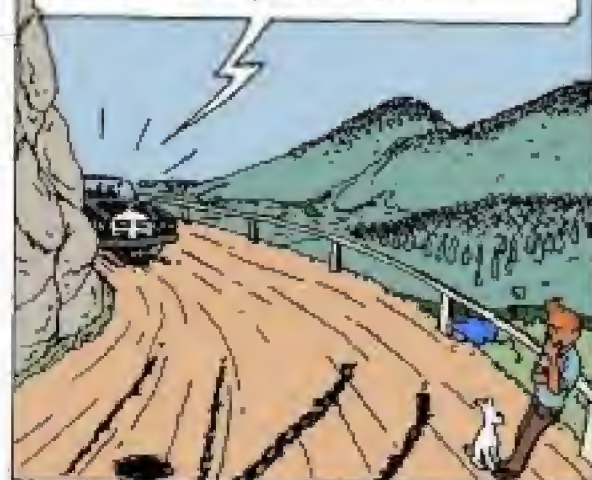
Let's see... the garage man talked about a small oil leak - but perhaps the car was standing for quite a long time... And if someone forced Fourcart to stop...



... Then it really was murder... And the other 'accident', to Monastir, was murder as well...



There he is!... This time, don't miss!...



Look out! Another car!



He must be crazy!

Missed!



Stop here and reverse back... This has taken too long already! It needs to be finished now!



This time he won't escape... and too bad it won't look like an accident!



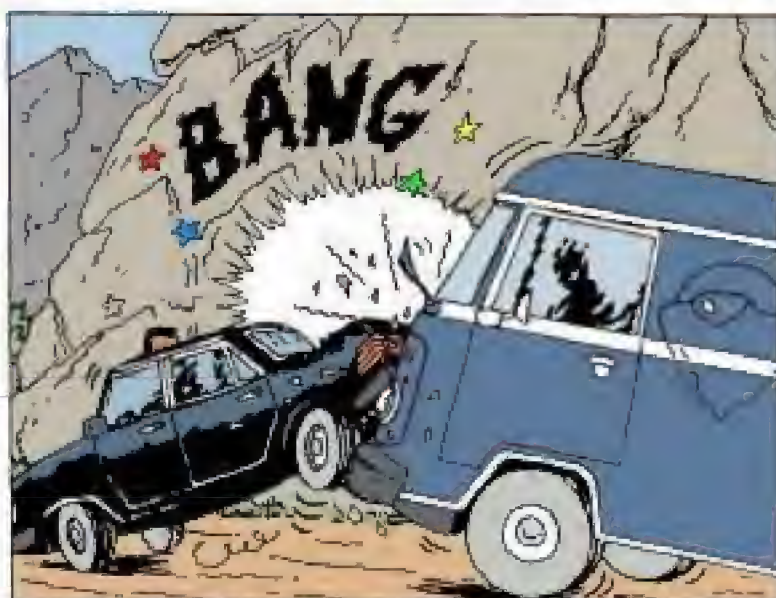
That's dangerous! Reversing in a place like this!...



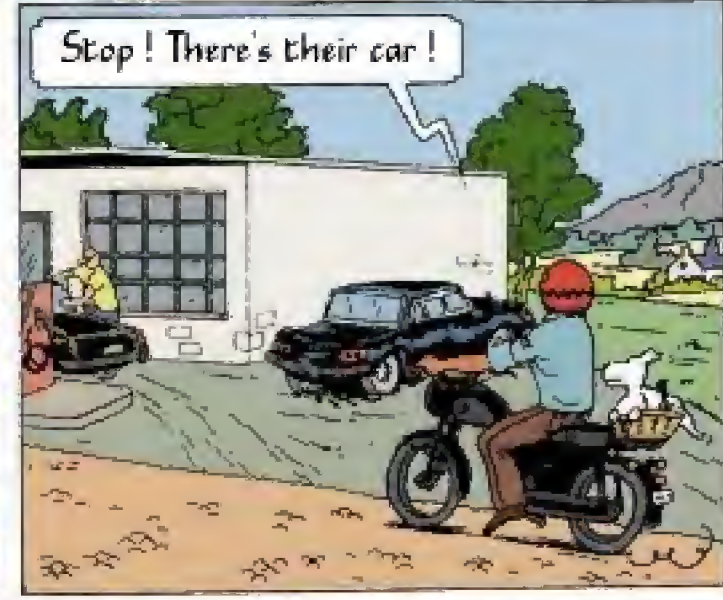
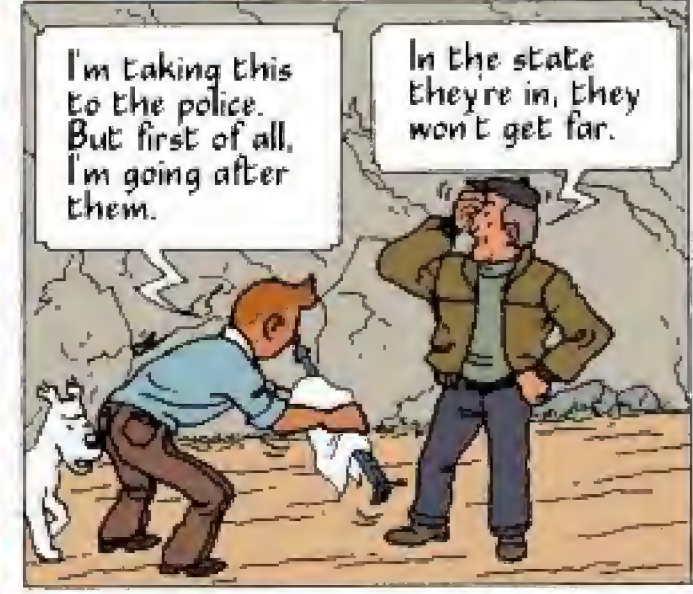
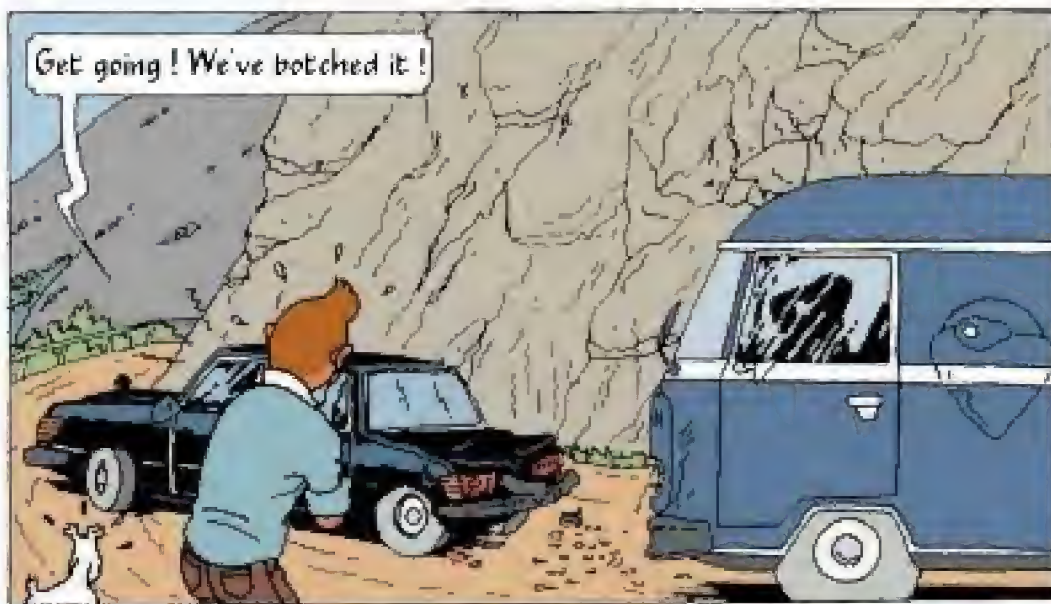
LOOK OUT!



BANG











I really thought someone was shooting at us!

We looked pretty silly, you know...



Excuse me, but d'you know where the people from that Mercedes have gone?

That's just what we'd like to know ourselves! They arrived here and stole my car whilst I was filling up!...



We're waiting for the police... Are you looking for them too?

I'll say so! They tried to kill me!



Ah, here come the police!



Half an hour later...

You keep a lookout behind us, Snowy! If you see anything unusual, bark...



Now, off to Marlinspike. It won't be easy to explain all this to the Captain.



Honestly, Tintin! What you're telling me can't be true!... It's like a cheap thriller...

Nevertheless, it is absolute fact...



And one thing seems fairly obvious to me: Fourcart's assistant tipped off the gangsters. She was the only one who knew I was going to see Fleur-otte at the garage. Tomorrow I shall be paying a visit to that young lady...

I'll go with you, Tintin. You never know...



The next morning ...

I'll wait for you in the car ...

See you later.



Ah, good morning, Mr Tintin.  
To what do we owe the pleasure?

Not so much a pleasure,  
Miss Martine ...

You see, I am more and more  
convinced that Mr Fourcart's  
death was not an accident.

Mr Tintin, you  
really believe ... ?

Yes, I do. And the proof is that  
yesterday, someone tried to kill  
me too.

What did you say?  
It can't be true!

Alas, yes ... only too true. Now,  
one single person knew that I  
was going to see Fleurette at  
the garage.

Oh, yes ... And you know  
who that person is?

Absolutely, Miss Vandezande  
... And that  
person is ...

Yes?

YOU!

Me?

Yes, you! ... Who did you tell  
I was going to Leignault?

But ... but I told no one,  
I swear to you! ...

It's dreadful! ... You dare to  
suspect me ... Me who ... Me  
who ... No! ... Sniff ... sniff ...

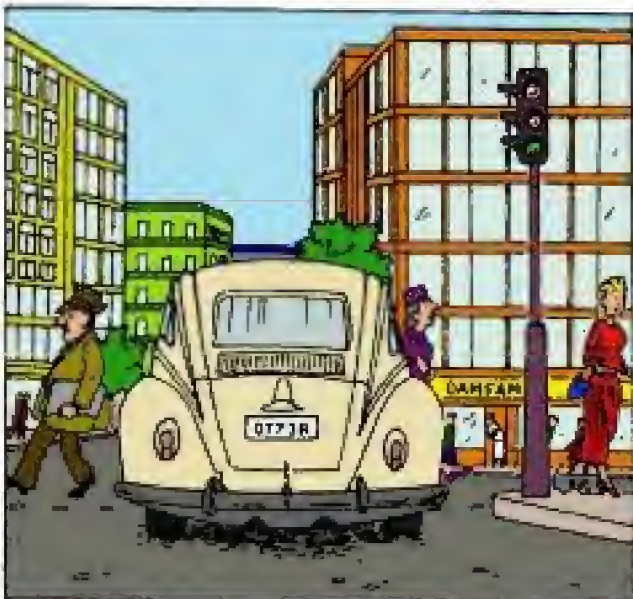
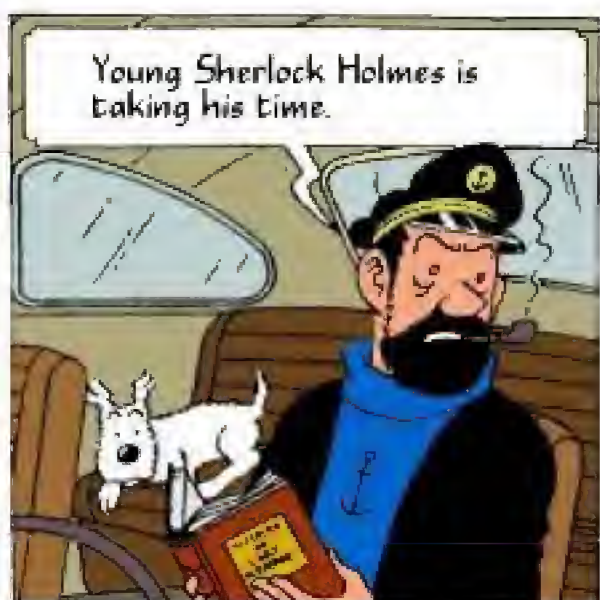
She seems sincere, this girl ...  
But who, then? ... Who? ...  
I wonder ... Who? ...  
Wait ... Unless ...

Oh, it's obvious, why didn't  
we think of it before?

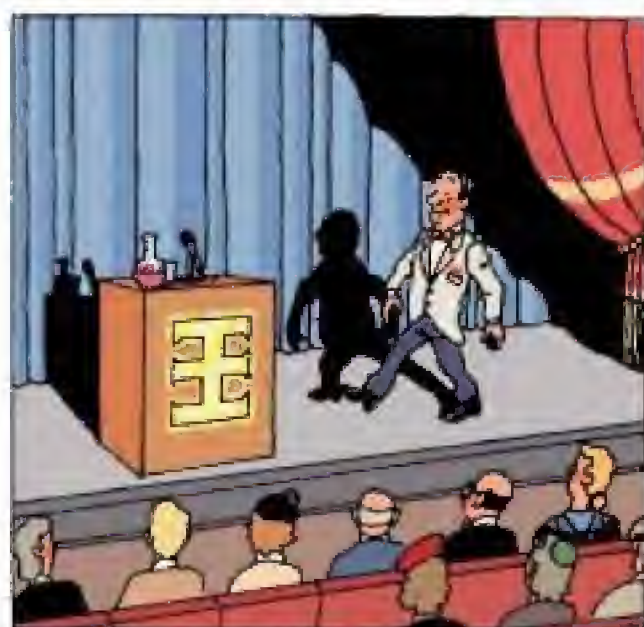
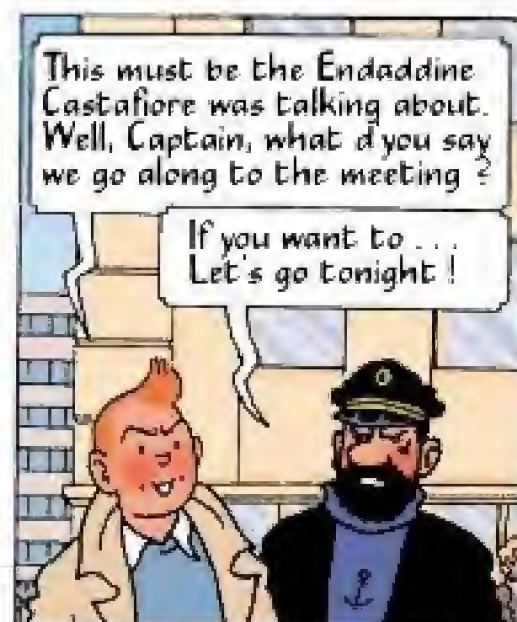
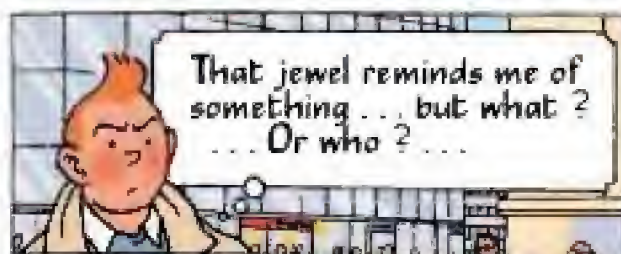
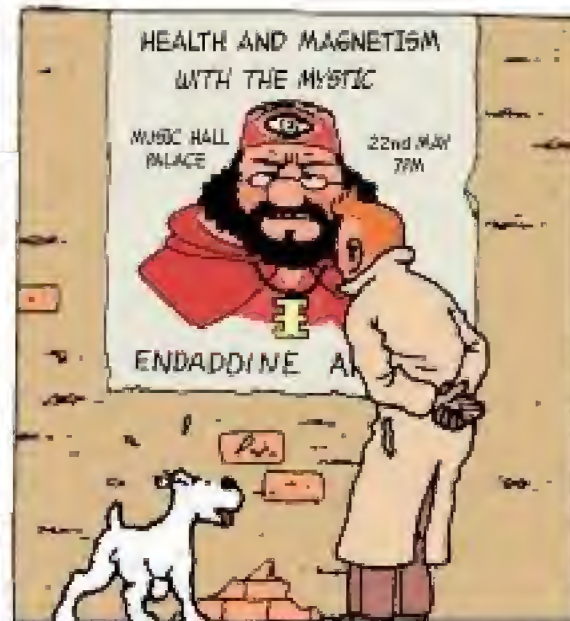




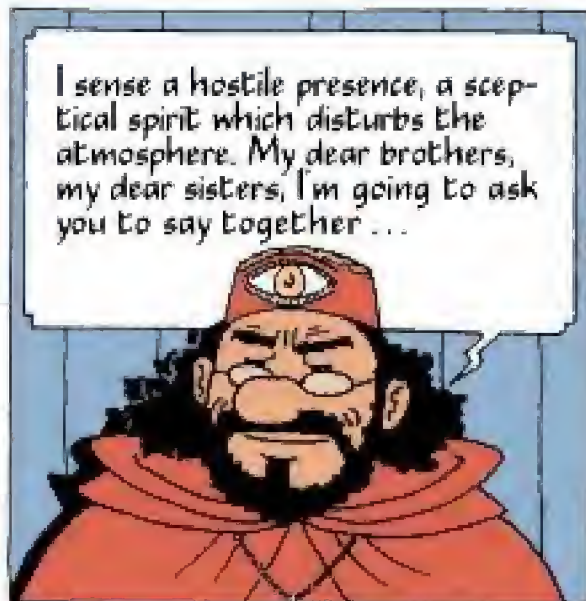






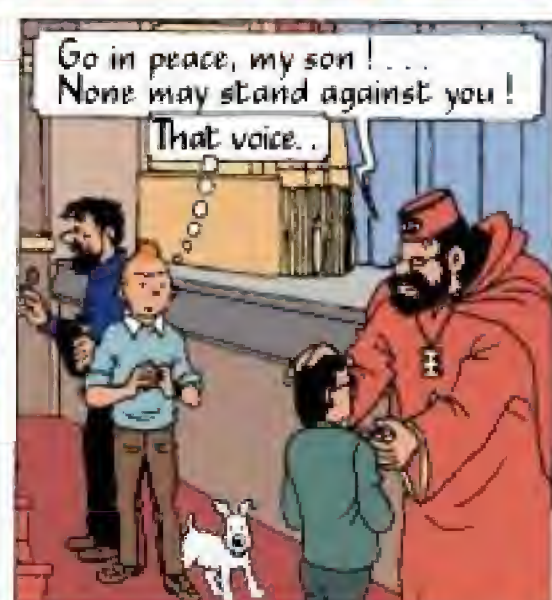
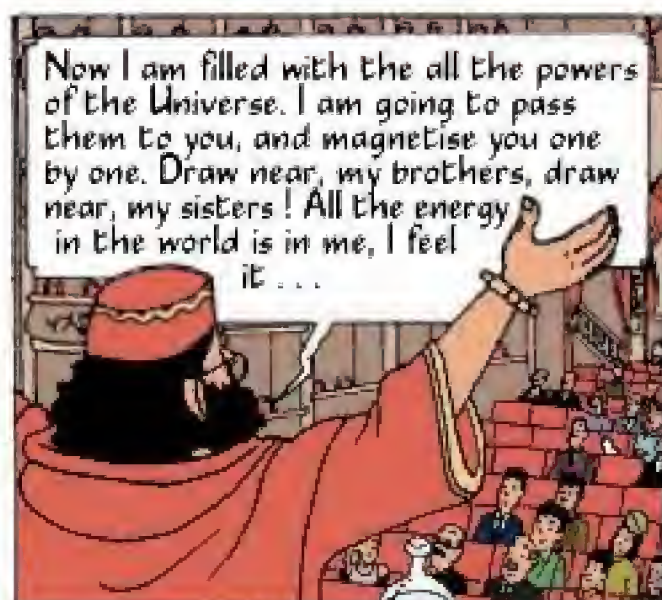
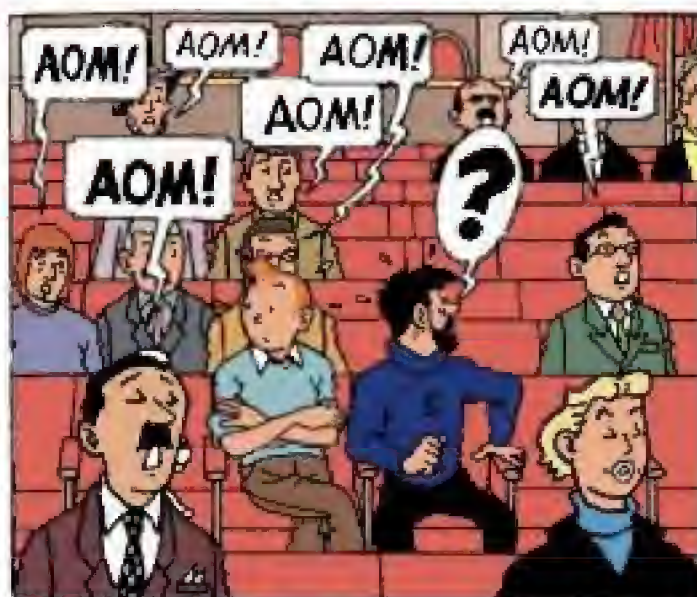
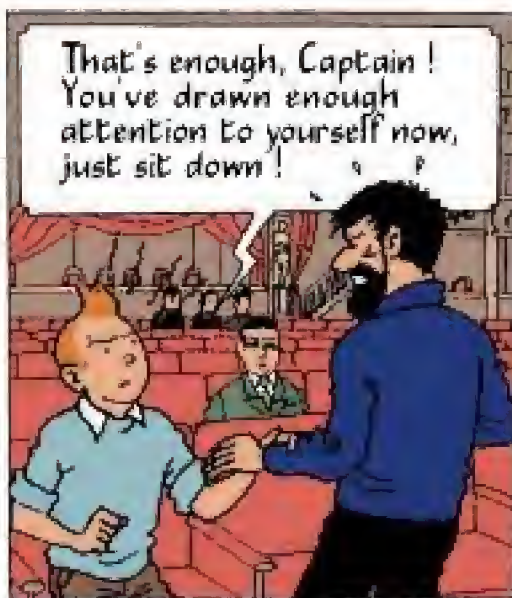






(1) See The Secret of the Unicorn





(1) See The Seven Crystal Balls





She's leaving...  
Come on, we'll follow her...

I say, you...



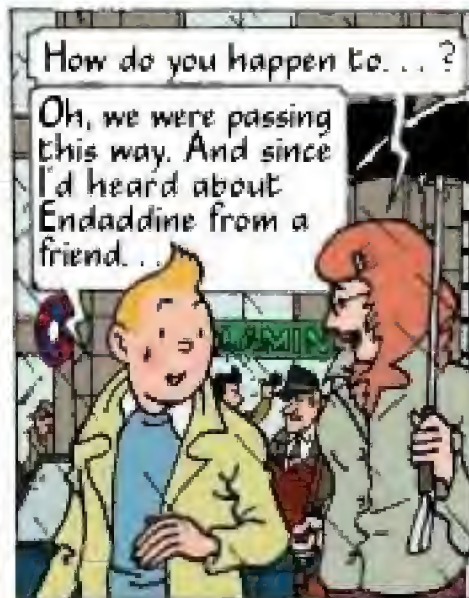
There she is.



Good evening, Miss Martine!  
Oh! It's you!



...and Mr Kodak?...  
Haddock, madam.



How do you happen to...?

Oh, we were passing  
this way. And since  
I'd heard about  
Endaddine from a  
friend...



Ah yes... he's a wonderful man, you know.

I saw! And he  
gave you the  
jewel?

Allow me, madam.



Yes... It's a real talisman!  
I keep it with me always.  
It's two Es... back to back.

May I? Oh, it's  
Alph-Art. It's  
beautiful.



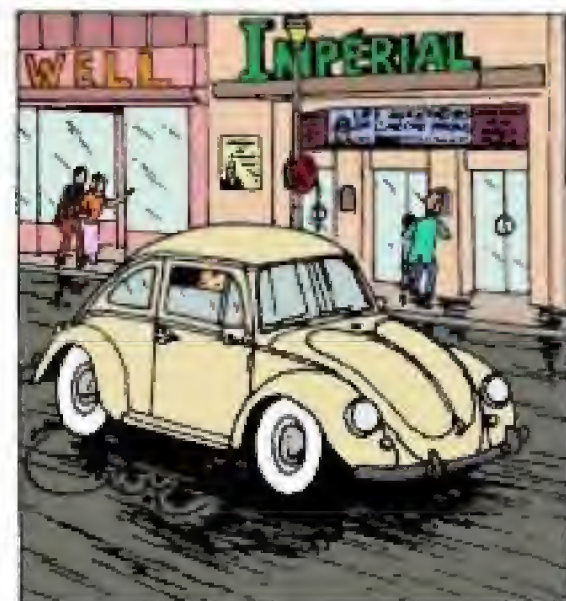
Yes, but it's not Alph-Art. "E" is  
the initial of Endaddine.

Ah, I see... oh, how heavy it  
is! Surely it must be gold?

Yes, I think it is.



May we take you home, Miss?  
You're too kind.



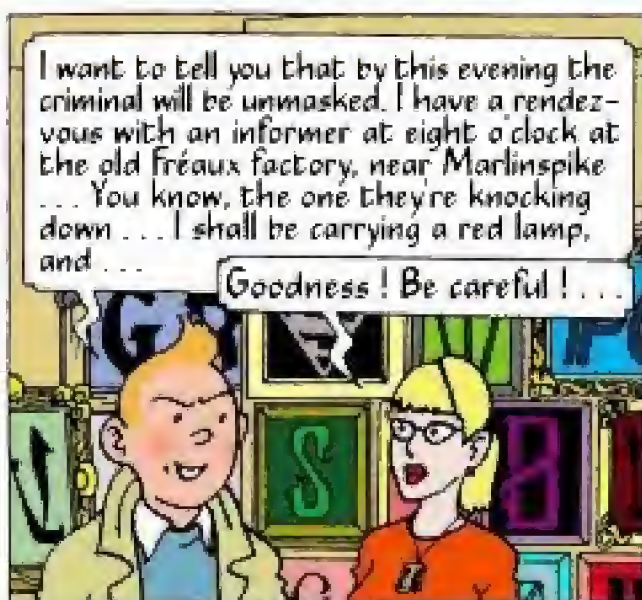
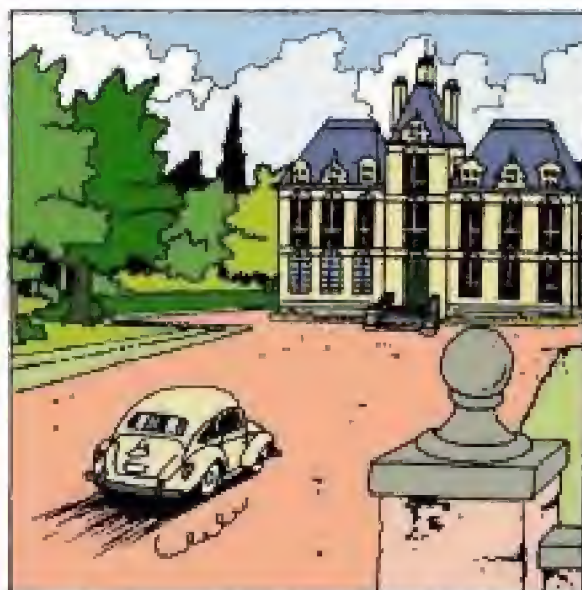
Goodbye, and thank you!



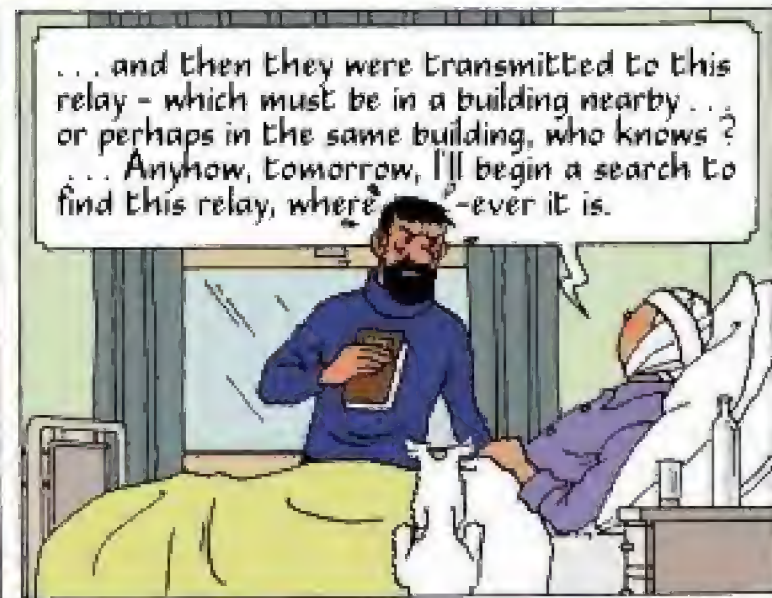
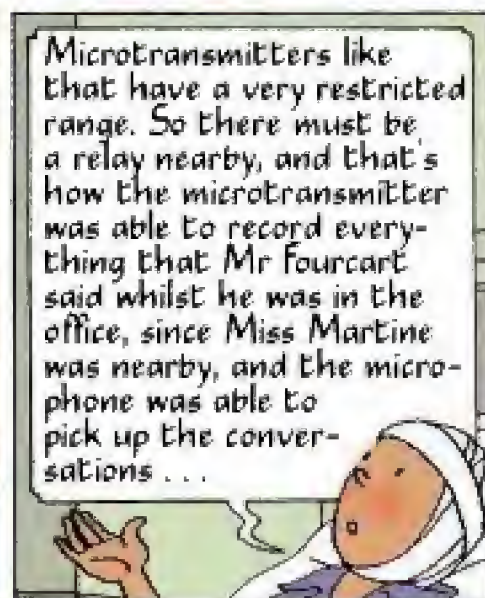
I think I'm beginning to  
understand...

Oh yes?











We'll start with the other tenants ...



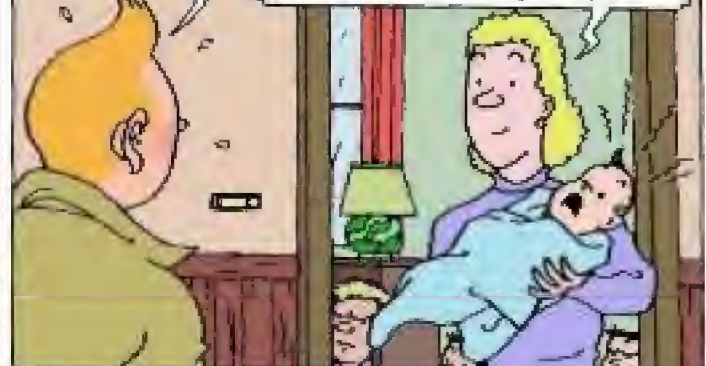
**RING**

Mrs Tricot



Good morning, Madam. I am conducting a survey about solar-powered heating. Would you be willing to answer a few questions?

Come in, come in, young man!



Nothing there, I think ...



A little later ...

Now for the next flat ... patience, Snowy!



**RRRING**



Er ... What do you want?

It's an opinion survey, sir ... About ...



I don't have an opinion. Not on anything! ... Now leave me alone!



**BLAM**



Where have I seen him before? ...



Oh yes! At that Endaddine Akass meeting ... One of the master's assistants ...



I wonder if he recognised me ... In any case, there must be a connection between Endaddine, the microphone ...



He certainly suspects something ... He came knocking on my door on the pretext of some opinion survey ... I understand ... We'll take care of him ... Yes, properly this time.



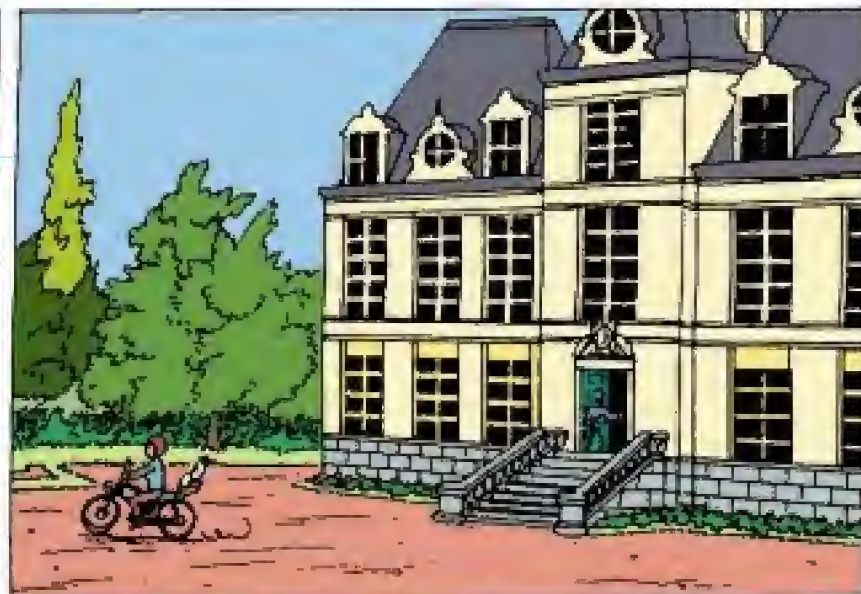
TO BE CONTINUED ...



The next morning ...

Take care !... You never know,  
with these sort of people ...

Don't worry, I'm  
only going into  
the village.



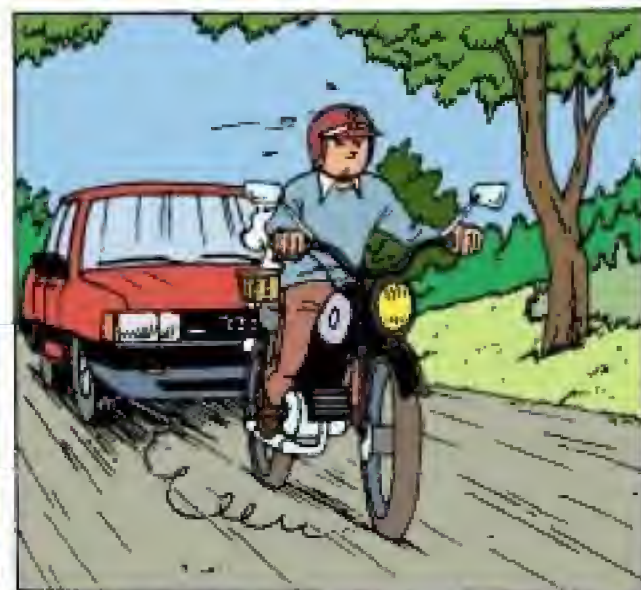
There he is !  
Let's go !

GRRRRR  
WOOAH!



!

They're going to catch me !

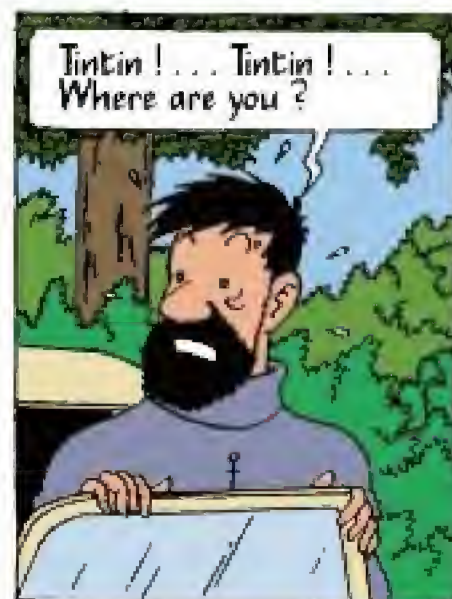
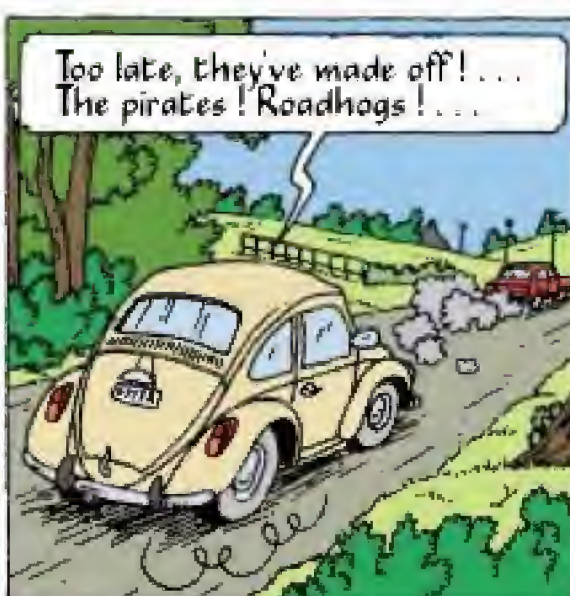


This time, I'll finish  
the job !...

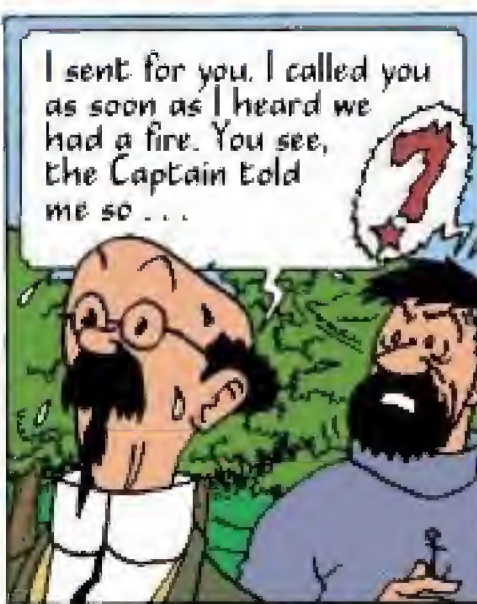
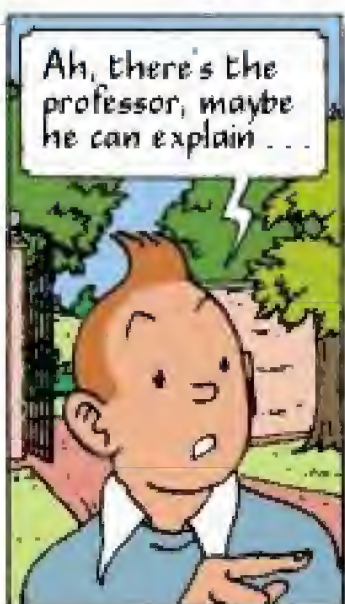
My poor Tintin, this could well  
be the end !...

**BANG BANG**  
**SKRRRRP!!!**  
**CRASH!**











But who is trying to get rid of you?  
And why? ...

That's what I'm  
wondering, too ...



To my mind, it all revolves around  
that Endadine Akass. He planted  
that jewel-microphone-transmitter  
on Miss Martine ... What for, if it  
wasn't to spy on Fourcart?

But it was you that  
definitely told me we had  
a fire!



We must find out more  
about this mystic ...

Yes, but where  
can we find the  
overdressed  
windbag?



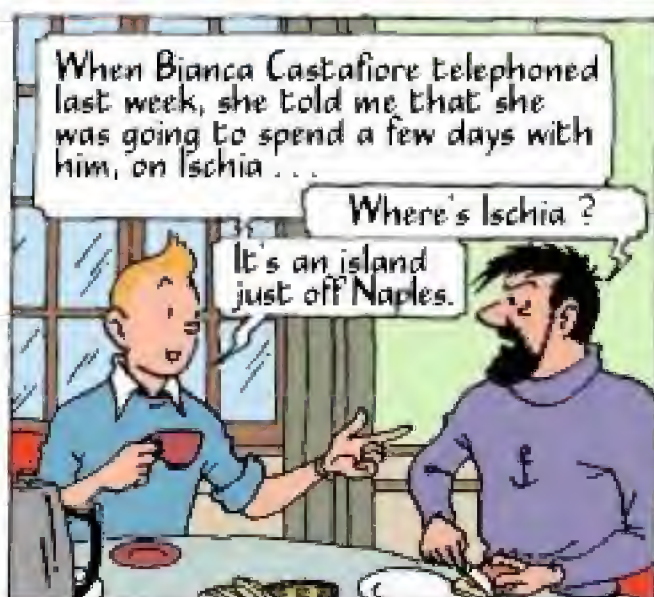
Yes, where?



When Bianca Castafiore telephoned  
last week, she told me that she  
was going to spend a few days with  
him, on Ischia ...

Where's Ischia?

It's an island  
just off Naples.



I've got it!



*The next day, at dawn ...*



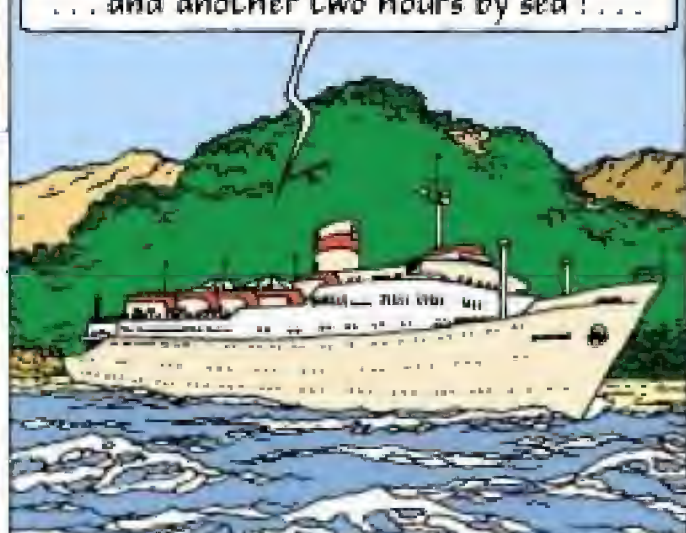
*10.30am, at Naples airport ...*



This is sheer, deliberate,  
unqualified masochism.  
To come 2000  
kilometres by air ...



... and another two hours by sea! ...



All to find Castafiore! ...  
We must be stark raving mad!

Taxi!



Here we are.



?





Tintin and Haddock. We made a reservation.

Indeed... Welcome to Ischia, Signore!

Please... we need a little information... Can you tell us where to find the villa belonging to Mr Endaddine Akass?

Easy, Signore.

You go out of the hotel, down to the beach. On your right, you'll see a huge cliff going down to the sea. On the top of that is the villa.

Thank you. So, Captain, what'd you say to putting our luggage in our rooms and going for a walk?

If you want...

A little later...

There - that must be it!

Hmm, I can't see anything...

Handy to take a dip from...

We'll have to climb higher...

Ah, we've got a good view here. Snowy, don't move.

Thundering...

?



Ramo Nash!

Ramo Nash?



Yes, the high priest of Alph-Art, the creator of that Perspex H which I bought ...

Oh yes ...



We must try to get into the house. I have a feeling ... in there lies the key to this whole mysterious business.



Yes, but how? We can't just break in like common thieves!

Back at the hotel ...

Right, here's what we'll do. We'll go back to our rooms and rest for a while, and try to think up a plan. We'll meet back here at midnight, to compare ideas ... and then we'll decide upon a course of action! Agreed?

I hear you.



Goodnight, lad.

Night, Captain, until later ...



What a marvellous view!



**RRRIING**



The Captain, I expect. Has he thought up a plan already? ...

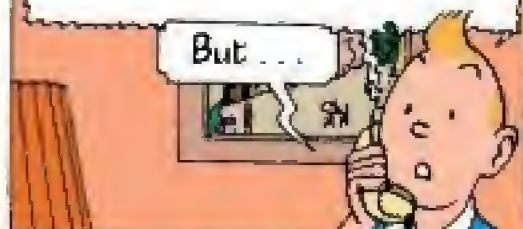


Hello ... Yes ... Yes, it is ...



Listen carefully ... There's a boat leaving in two hours. I strongly advise you take it ... The climate on Ischia doesn't suit you at all. It could even become very unhealthy for you.

But ...

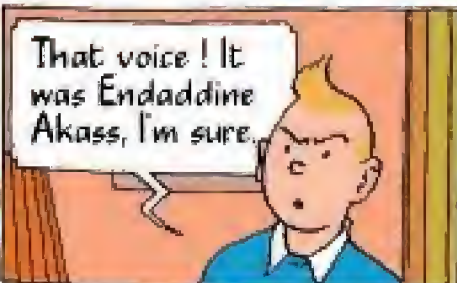


**CLICK!**

Crumbs! ...



That voice! It was Endaddine Akass, I'm sure.



I'd better discuss this with the Captain ...



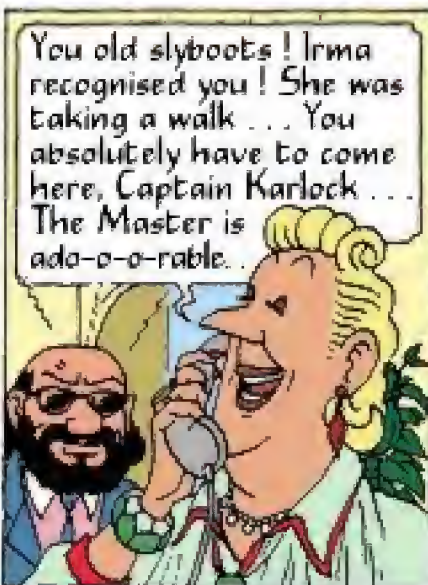
**KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK**



No answer ... and no noise from inside either! Has something happened?













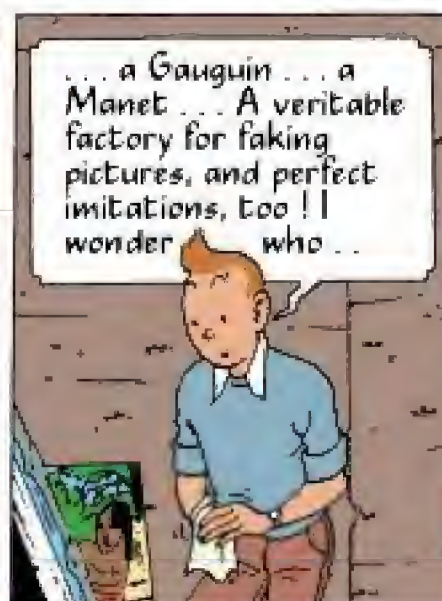


(1) See The Blue Lotus  
(2) See The Broken Ear











Er... Certainly, whoever painted these has plenty of talent.

But you know him!



It's our dear Ramó Nash. His latest brainwave is Alph-Art. Behind that front, he can happily fabricate paintings by the masters, which are then authenticated by a known expert. Poor Mr Fourcart didn't want to...



Besides, he wanted to expose the whole business to you. As for the unfortunate Monastir, he wanted to blackmail me. Poor fool!

You got rid of him!...



I was forced to! As for you, young man, I'm afraid you know too much. You will have to disappear. You know César?



Ah, César, the sculptor - the master of compressionism. This is one of his works here, you see...



And this is one of his "Expansions"...



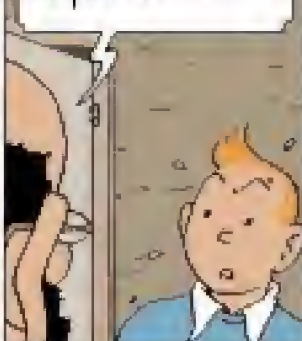
Well, my friend, we're going to pour liquid polyester over you... you'll become an expansion signed by César, and then authenticated by a well-known expert...



Then it will be sold, perhaps to a museum, or a rich collector... You should be glad, your corpse will be displayed in a museum.



And no one will ever suspect that the work, which could be entitled 'Reporter'...



... constitutes the last resting place of young Tintin. Ha! You, take him away, and lock him up.



Come on, move!

Where's Snowy?

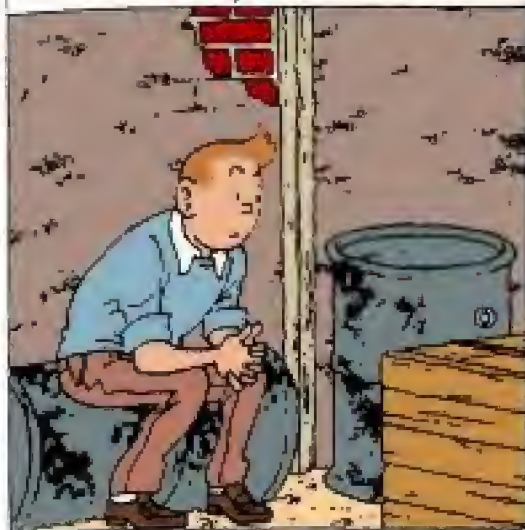








Time passes ...



And at dawn ...



Get up! On your feet!



Now get moving. It's time for you to be turned into a 'César' ...



It's in there ... after you, my friend.



Good morning, my dear Tintin! Allow me to show you your last resting place ...



Up there, the loading hopper is full of polyester pellets. These flow into a large screw-thread, which grinds up the pellets, and heats them at the same time; this leaves a soft paste, which will run into the mould and imprison you in a nice rectangular block. Mr Nash will later pour coloured polyurethane over this and sign it 'César'.



Now, if you would kindly step into the mould, time is pressing ...

Must play for time!



But ... ? Aren't you going to wait for Ramo Nash? ... After all, it'll be his piece of art I'll be imprisoned in ...



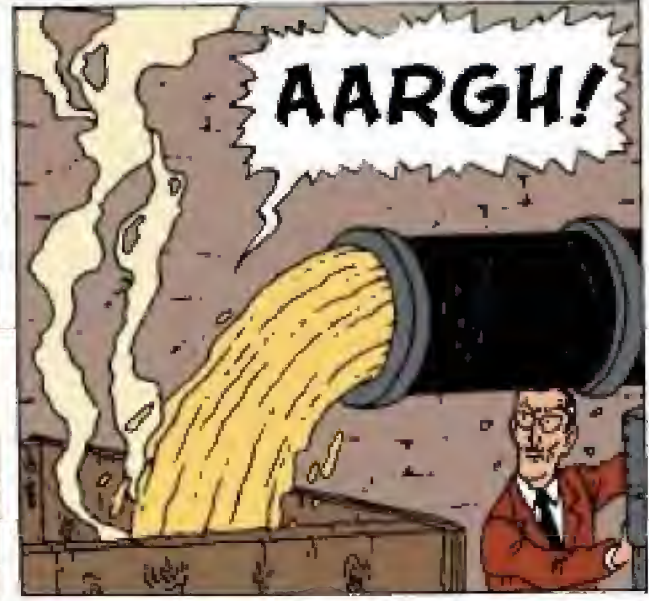
Oh, no! Mr Nash doesn't really appreciate our methods ... Ha! Ha! Ha! ...



Now the formalities are over with. ... get in! Let's go!











I can't breathe!

Stop it? I... I'd like to, but how do I stop this whatsit?



**AARGH!**



You! You're going to stop this infernal machine now!

Impossible!



Once the valve has opened, the mass of plastic running through it makes it impossible to close.

Heh, that's a good one...



Right, well, you can help me break open this box, and be quick!



I'll open this box myself...

OK, but I've got my eye on you. I'm watching what you're doing...



**CRACK!**



?



**STOP! ARE YOU MAD?**



**STOP BLISTERING BARNACLES, GIVE ME THAT AXE!**



And now, you're going to break open this crate, thundering typhoons!



Pull!... Come on!



**CRACK!**





**TINTIN!**

Woah!



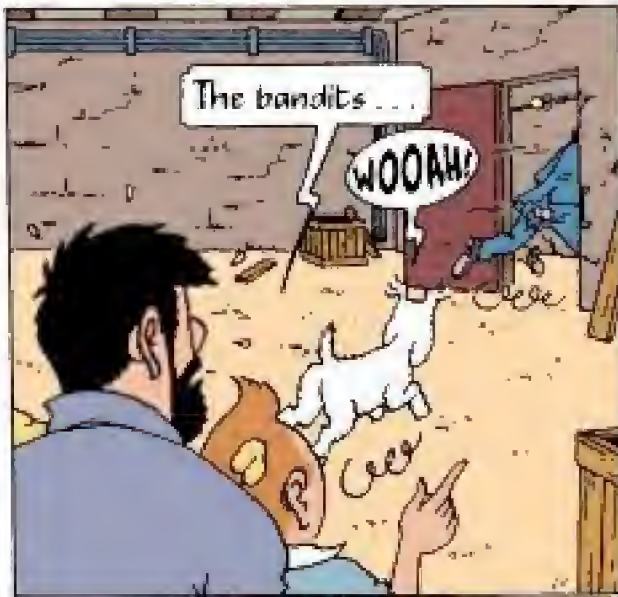
Tintin! ... Lad! ... In Heaven's name, say something! ...

**WOOUAW...**



Captain ...

Hurray! ... He's alive!



The bandits ...

**WOAH!**



Sea-gherkins! Pyrographers! Turncoats! Zapotecs! ...

Captain ...



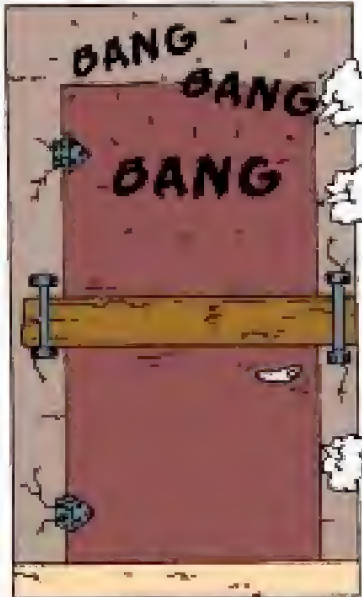
We've got to get out of here ...

You think that you'll be alright to run?



Argh! ... They're barricaded the door with a plank of wood!

We'll do it, boss!



**BANG BANG BANG**



**CRASH**



They've gone!



There! They're getting away!



I'll stop them, boss, don't worry! ...

**BANG!**



Are you crazy?! The villa is full of their friends!!!

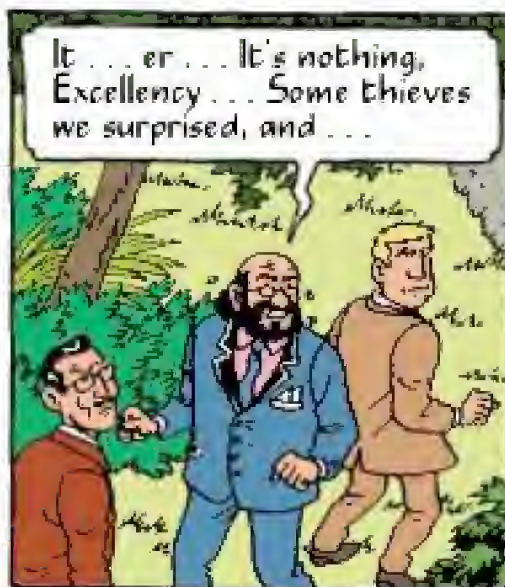


What's going on out here?!





I heard gunshots!...



It... er... It's nothing, Excellency... Some thieves we surprised, and...



Oh, how amusing! You must call Tintin, the young reporter, who we invited yesterday. This would certainly interest him!

That's true...



Impossible, he's the thief! Him and that bearded sailor!

No!...



What?!... That's impossible! Captain Paddock would never do something like that! He owns a country house!



And Tintin could never be suspected either!

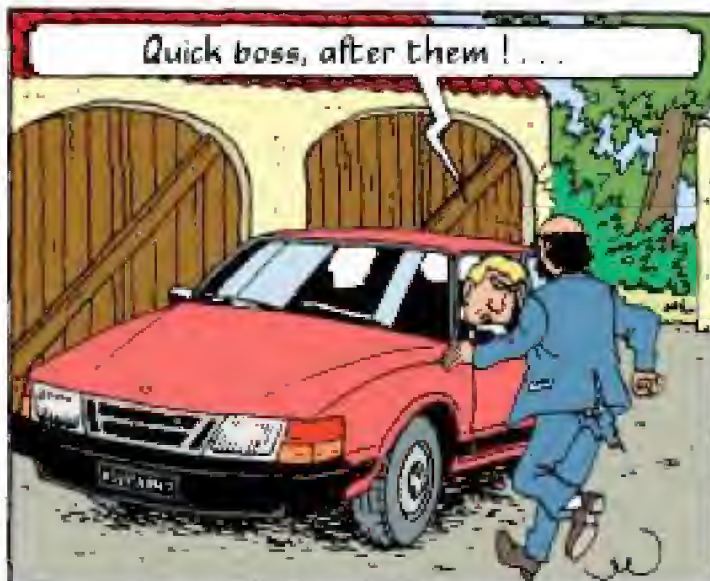
That's true...



VROOM



Whilst you were defending them, they stole one of my cars, your dear friends!



Quick boss, after them!...



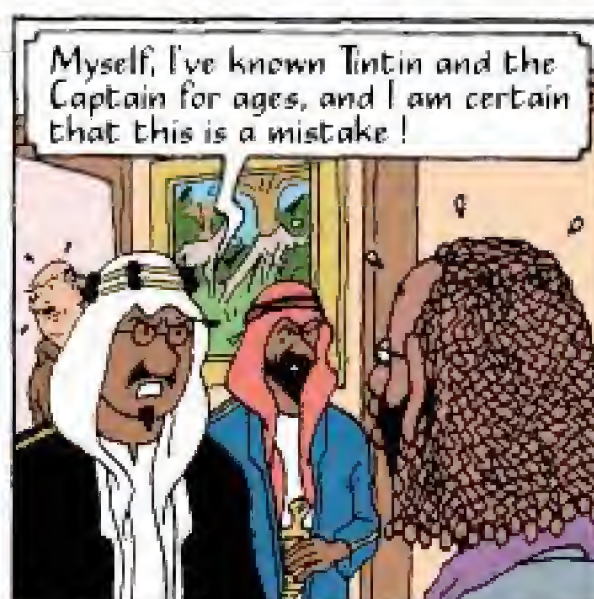
What's going on?

It's unimaginable!

Impossible!



The Master accused our friends Tintin and Captain Hammock of theft! It's unthinkable!

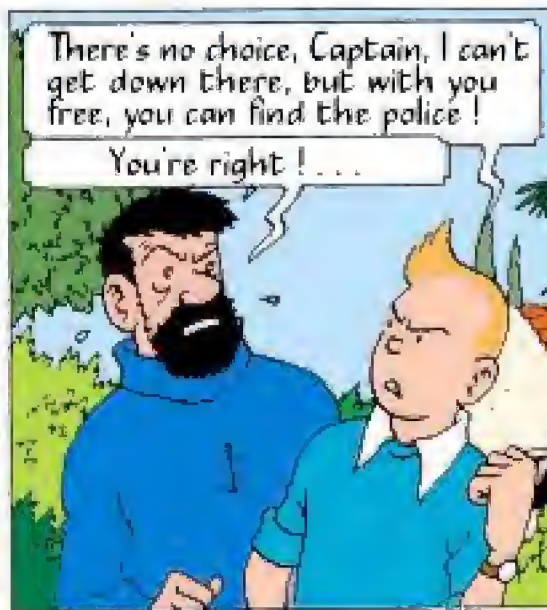
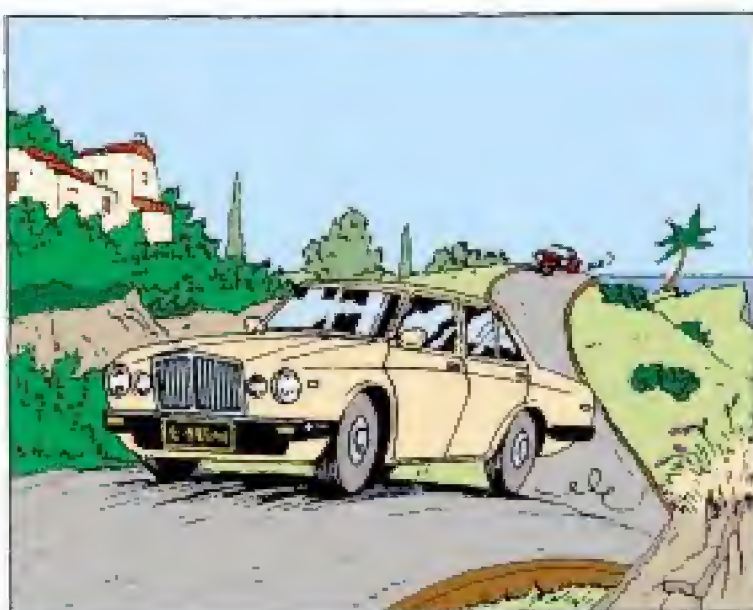


Myself, I've known Tintin and the Captain for ages, and I am certain that this is a mistake!



How did I get myself mixed up in all of this?...



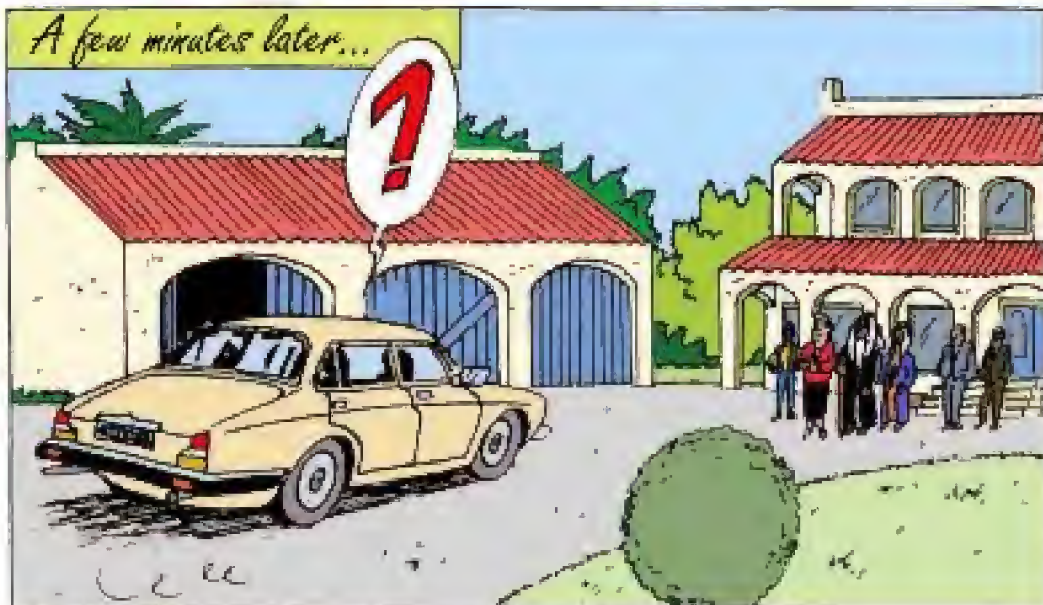




This time, my dear Tintin, there's no point hoping - no one can help you now.



A few minutes later...



Captain Hardrock! It's impossible! There must be some sort of mistake!



Don't worry, Tintin, I've put in a plea in your favour. This can be nothing but a mistake!



Have you called the police?  
I... I was just going to...



No one can help us now, eh?



You tell us your version, Tintin, whilst we wait.

Sorry, but they can't speak until the police arrive... Er, it's a legal technicality... you understand?



OK then.

Right, the police are on their way.





Shortly ...



Mr Akass ? Can you come with us to make a statement ?

Of course ...



You can make testimonies in favour of your friends in the late afternoon. You only have to present yourselves at the station.



You're going out, Mr Nash ?

Er ... Yes ... Just a little shopping in the village ... What can you do ? Life goes on, so they say.



Ah, the artists are truly blessed. Always above the problems of everyone ... But our poor friends ...

Don't worry ...



The police won't find anything on Tintin and Haddock ...

May the Madonna protect them ...



After all these years, how nice it is to see Tintin ... on his way to jail ! Revenge is sweet !

I'll drink to that !



Blistering Barnacles in jail ?



And just when I'd filled his pipe with my best explosives ! What a waste !



I'll bet that you're not real police officers !

Oh no ! We've been demasked !



Well done, kid. And I'll bet that you two haven't got long left to live ...



Here we are, everybody out.

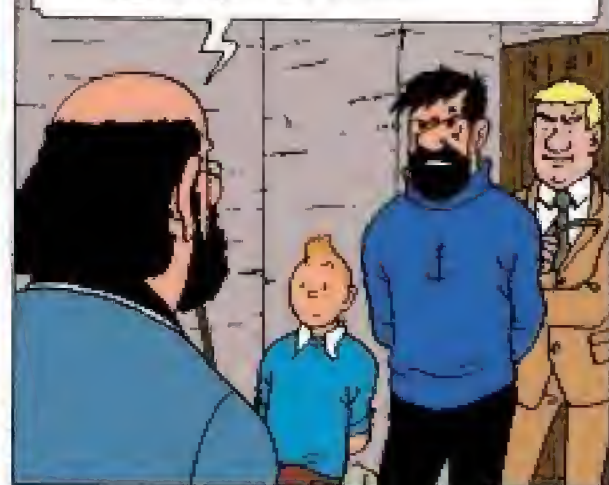




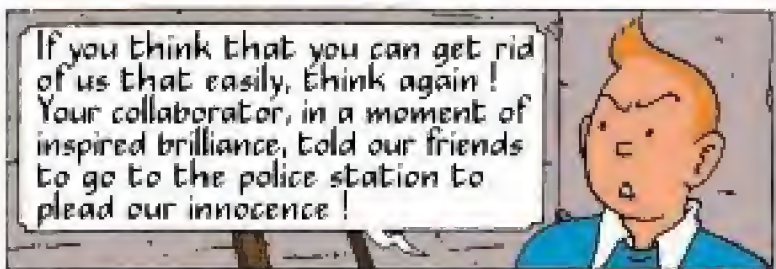
As you see, my friends, for you, it's the end of the line! Ha! Ha! Ha!



Well, gentlemen, won't you sit down? I insist!



If you think that you can get rid of us that easily, think again! Your collaborator, in a moment of inspired brilliance, told our friends to go to the police station to plead our innocence!



And then? You were killed during your bid to escape. A simple call to your friends will tell them the bad news, and therefore they needn't bother going to the police station.

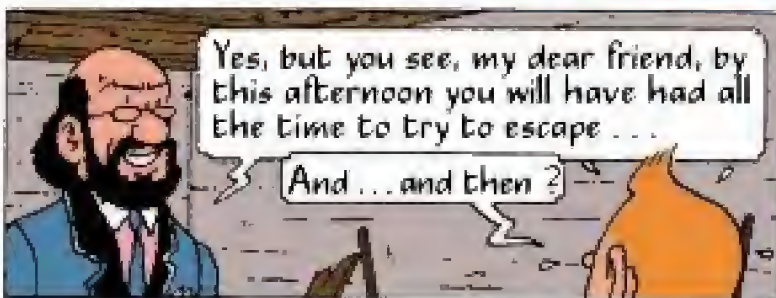


Quick! I must find help to save Tintin!

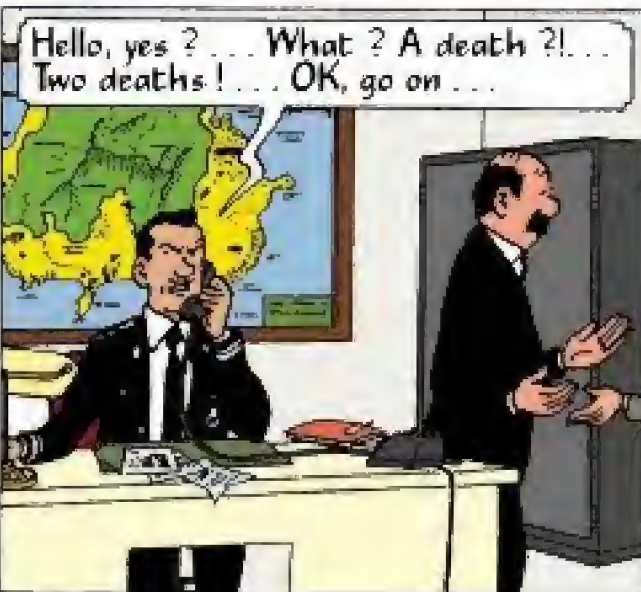


Yes, but you see, my dear friend, by this afternoon you will have had all the time to try to escape...

And... and then?



Hello, yes? ... What? A death?! ... Two deaths! ... OK, go on...



Tintin and Haddock...

**TINTIN?!**



Quick! Where is he?

Where? ... OK, I've got it... we're coming!



You seem to have won, Akass. But tell me, why all this fuss? A forgery racket isn't on the same level as murder!



For someone supposedly intelligent, you still haven't figured it out. I'll give you a clue...



**NO!...**





**RASTAPOPOULOS!**

Ha! Ha!

But! ... But? ... It's impossible! I saw you go down with your launch in the Red Sea (1) ... You're dead!

Ha! That's what I wanted you to think! But you know, we've met since that day, although you don't remember ...

Some years ago, I organised the kidnapping of the famous millionaire Laszlo Carreidas, just before the International Astronautical Congress, to which you were invited as guests of honour ... (2)

Unfortunately for me, the island we were on was destroyed by a volcano ... I managed to escape, but I'm not sure how, since at the time of the eruption, I became amnesic ...

After my escape, I met Nash in Jamaica. I was impressed by his talent. It was then that I had the idea of dealing in forged art. A little plastic surgery, a few accessories and I became Akass. After recruiting a few men to work for me, the project took off very quickly ...

And Allan, the fresh-water pirate? Is he not with you? ... Or is he disguised as one of these gorillas?

Allan? That idiot refused to help! He's in the United States now, after some peace and quiet ...

*Meanwhile, in the United States ...*

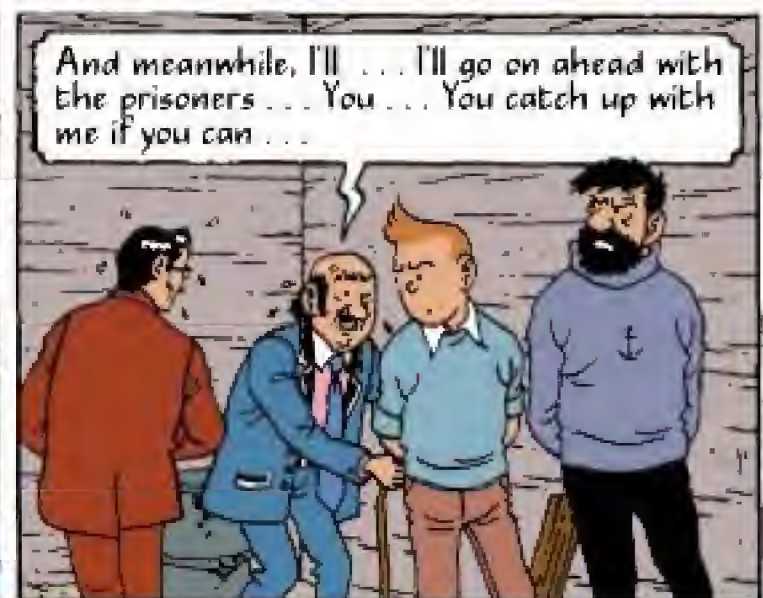
And how did you persuade an artist like Nash to ... You ask too many questions, young man!

But I'm not a fool, all these questions are just a ruse to gain some time, aren't they? Well, game over, my friend!

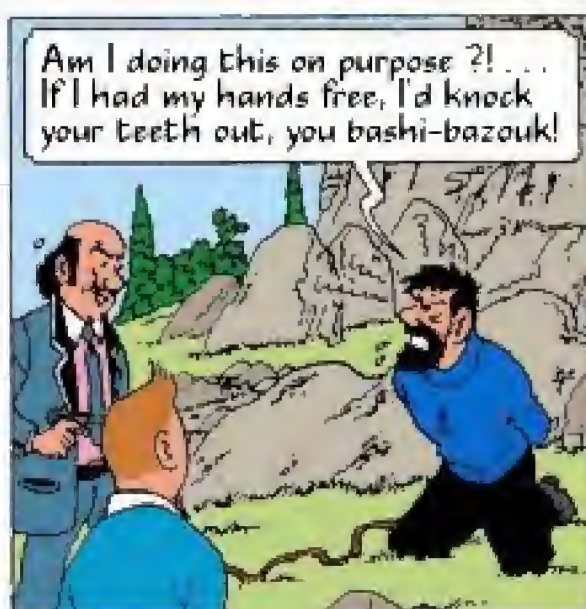
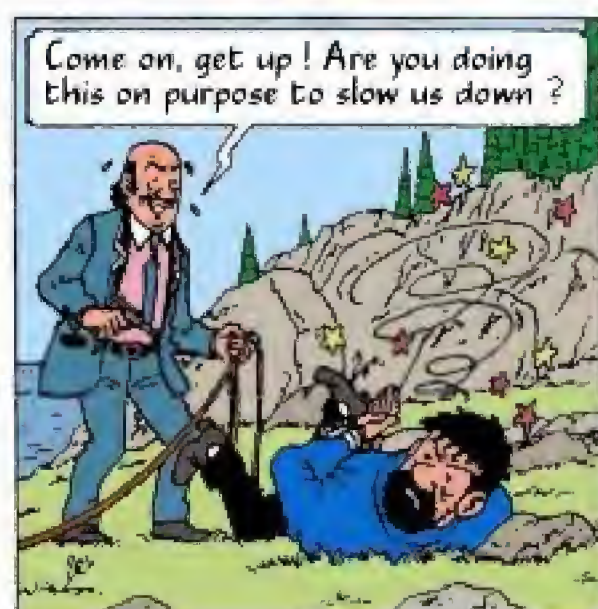
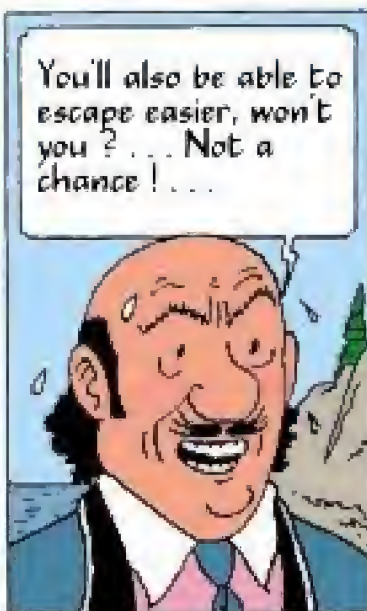
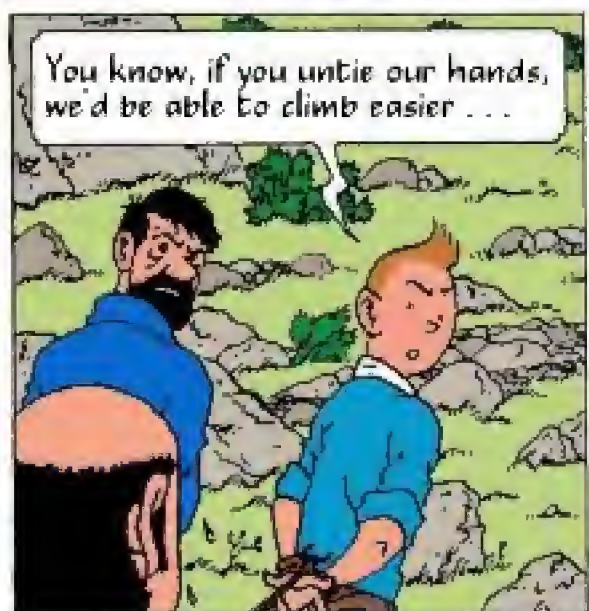
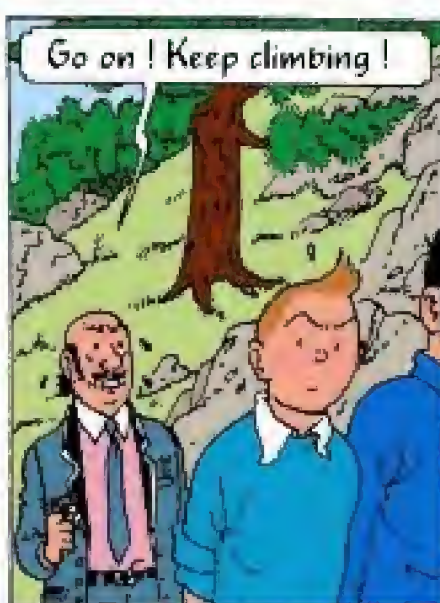
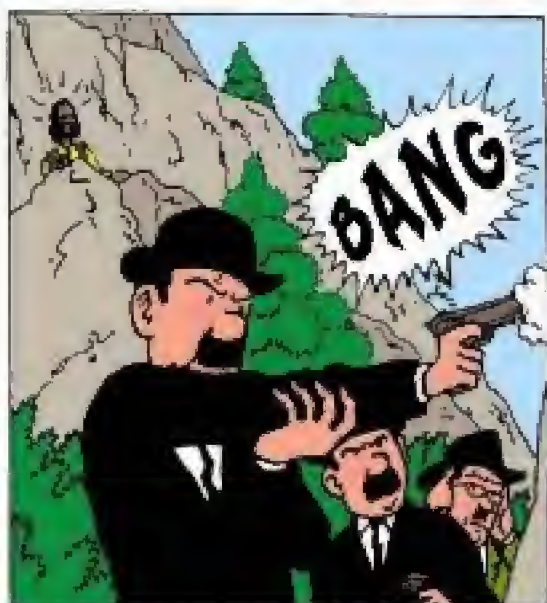
We've wasted enough time! Finish them! With pleasure, boss! ...

(1) See The Red Sea Sharks  
(2) See Flight 714











I'd like to see you try that! ... Climb down there? With our hands tied?!



That's true ... any decent would be impossible on this side of the cliff ... and we can't turn back.



We'll follow the edge of the cliff round ... We should find a path that we can climb down ...



Right, let's move.



You're caught, Rastapopoulos!

Ssh! Captain!



**GIVE UP, RASTAPOPOULOS! YOUR MEN HAVE BEEN TAKEN PRISONER! YOU CANNOT ESCAPE! YOU'RE CORNERED!**



**BANG BANG**



Come on, Rastapopoulos! Don't make the situation worse! Face it - you've been caught.

Me? Caught? Alive?



Never! Hey, you down there! If you follow me too closely, I'll shoot them! And I'm serious!



**OK! GO AHEAD! WE WON'T FOLLOW!**

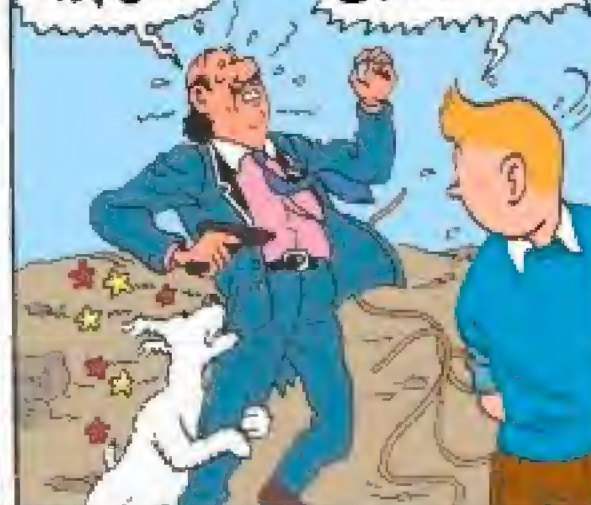


Good, now let's go! And no trying to escape, now, you understand?

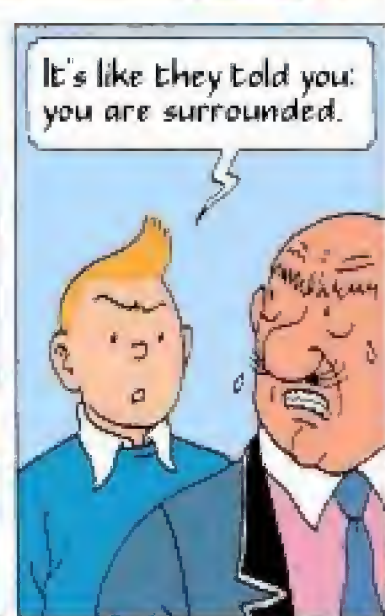
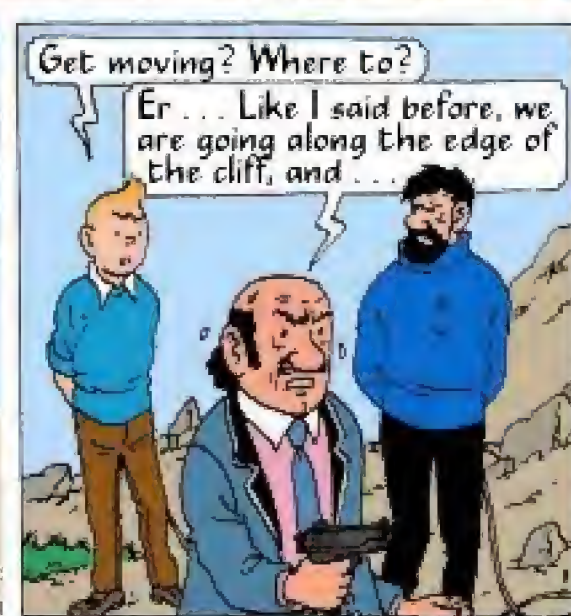
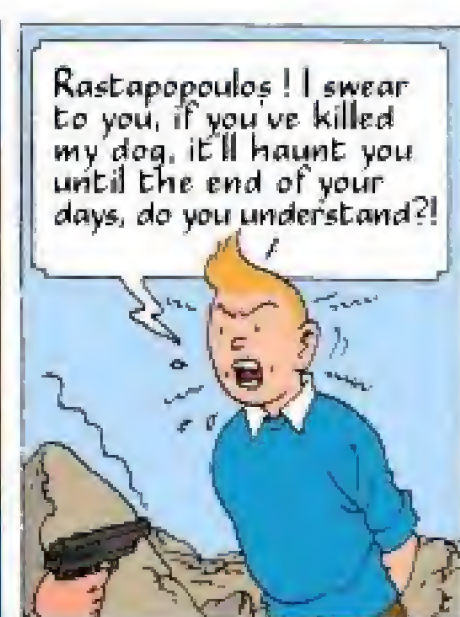


**ARGH!**

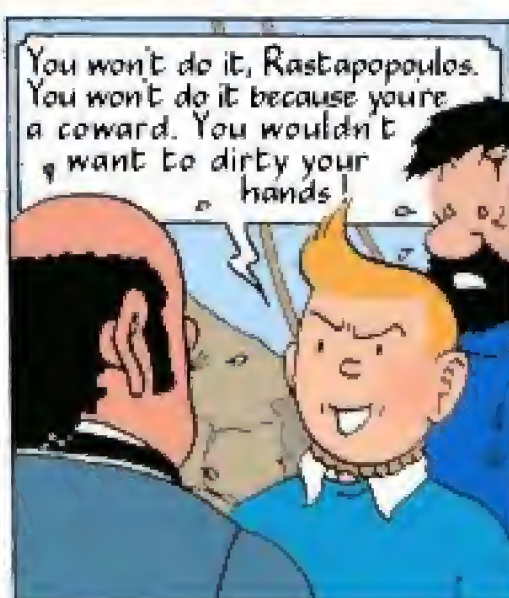
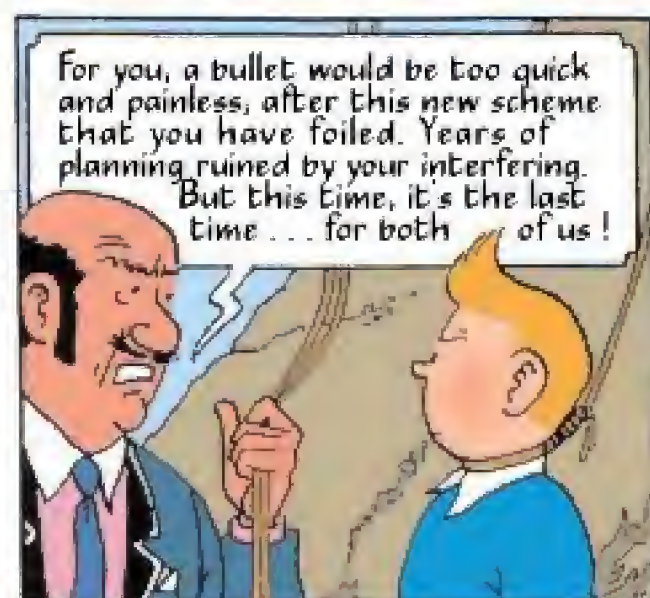
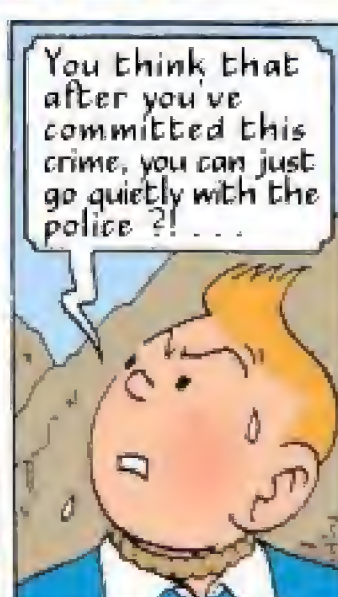
**SNOWY!**



















And now, we'll go back down to rejoin the others. Snowy, you take the pathway down.



Phew! Well, you certainly had an arrow escape... no, a narrow...

Definitely!... But how did you find us here, in Ischia?



For some time, Akass had been suspected of an illegal traffic of old paintings... We continued our enquiry, which led us here, when we met Mr Wagner at the police station.

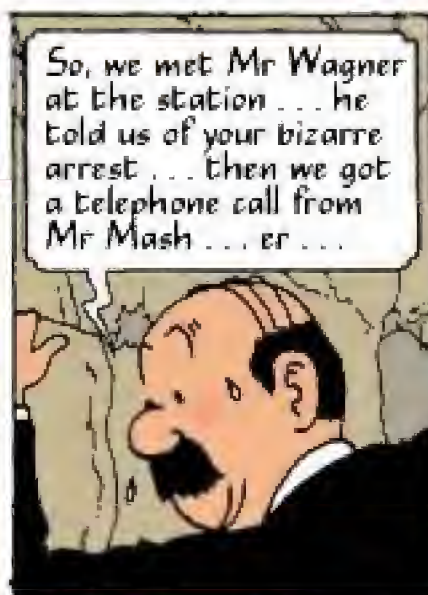
Ah?...



Come on, we'd better go down and find the...

...the bandit.

That's right...



So, we met Mr Wagner at the station... he told us of your bizarre arrest... then we got a telephone call from Mr Mash... er...

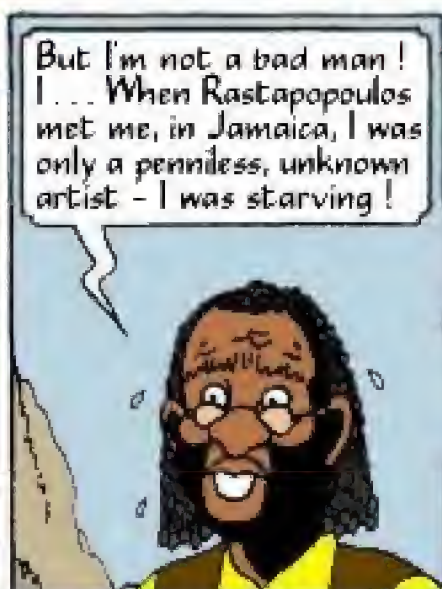


Nash... But Rastapopoulos didn't deal in old paintings, they were fakes.



Isn't that right, Mr Nash?

Er... that's right...



But I'm not a bad man! I... When Rastapopoulos met me, in Jamaica, I was only a penniless, unknown artist - I was starving!



... then Rastapopoulos turned me into an artist of international recognition!



And all I did was paint canvasses in the style of classical artists. It's a gift. I'd always done that...



Rastapopoulos arranged for them to be authenticated by experts, and then the money started rolling in. Up until today, I didn't complain at all.



Ah! There! I... I think I see him.



Is... is he...?



Yes... dead. God rest his soul!





Madame Nash

# STORY in Alph-Art business

## Shanghai, where staying with End

### Alph-Art: the truth behind the cover

NAME: NASH, TALANTED FORGER

Rash Nash, the artist behind the forgering ring which has rocked the art world to the core, spoke to the 'Daily Reporter' about his part in the business.

"I was the artist who produced the paintings," he said, "and I'm not a forger, but I've got a good head on my shoulders."

# Ben Nash EZab abandons plans to art museums in Khemed

When asked about recent events, the artist said: "I knew that Tintin and Captain Haddock were innocent. They are old friends of mine, and they helped me get my art back when he had been kidnapped by the dastardly Doctor Miller, and they also looked after my little ducky when I was in hiding in the Djebel mountains. But I now have absolutely no intention of building art galleries in Wadadiah."



"The future of Khemed is in art, but in oil. I am planning to build some galleries when I return. I want to expand the oil fields - there are a

# Alph-Art: the truth behind the cover

**RASTAPOPOULOS: TALANTED FRAUD**

Robert Rastapopoulos, who the entire world has known about the 'Red Sea Sharks' affair, when it has come to be known, when his private launch sank in the Red Sea, and it was believed he died. However, he had conspired under the guise of a false beard, a fake name, a fake cover for a fake plastic surgery. 'The Master', as he was known to members of his sect, used this as a cover for a peace stalker business - act forger on a grand scale.



**THE REPORTER TINTIN FOILS AN INTERNATIONAL PLOT**

Each was produced to the style of the original piece, and was then a by Nash - with whose name was required. It believed that the pair were sold to rich Arab collectors. A list of has been found at the end of the list.

One of the most famous terrorists of our time, the criminal mastermind Roberto Rastapopoulos, was killed yesterday on the island of Iachia.

Posing under the guise of a mystical guru, Rastapopoulos was the head of a national of

# The reporter Tintin foils an international plot

**PICASSOS, MONET'S AND MORE**

In the cellar of the villa belonging to Rastapopoulos, the police found a large number of canvases ready for dispatch. There was nothing remarkable about this - Rash Nash often visited the villa. However, the matter became somewhat more curious when the paintings were signed by Picasso, Monet, Modigliani, and all looked genuine. They were, in fact, painted by Nash, who supplied the forgering ring with duplicate masterpieces. They were then passed off as originals by Rastapopoulos, by having them authenticated by a well-known expert, such as the unfortunate Jacques Monnet and Jean Fourcort. These men were murdered by the gang, protect the 'business' that was being run.

**TINTIN TAKES UP THE CASE**

It was at this time that the young reporter intervened. According to Mr Tintin, Mr

Two days later ...



By thunder! More journalists!



Look here, Mr Tintin! Here

Mr Tintin, a few words? ...

Certainly, Mr Willoughby-Drupe ...



Is it true that the Italian government has recompensed you by giving you Rastapopoulos's villa?

Yes, that's right.



Do you plan to stay there?

Blistering barnacles! Out of the question! We're going back to Marlinspike! I will never set foot in Italy again!



Mr Nash, is it true that you have given up Alph-Art and moved on to classical painting?

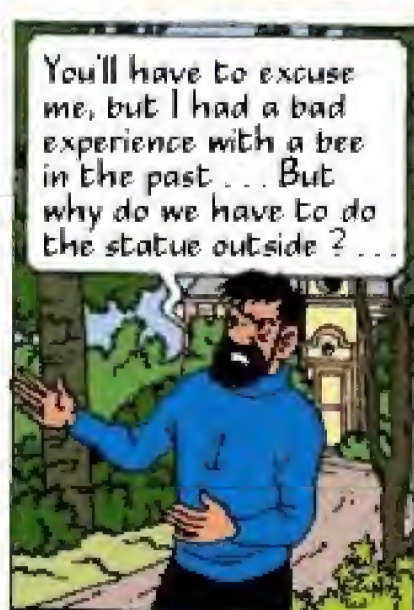
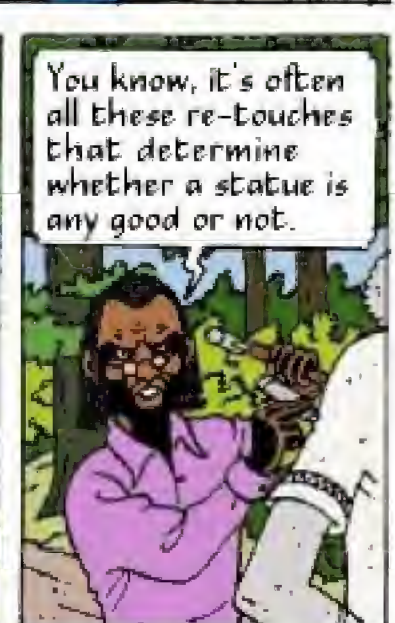
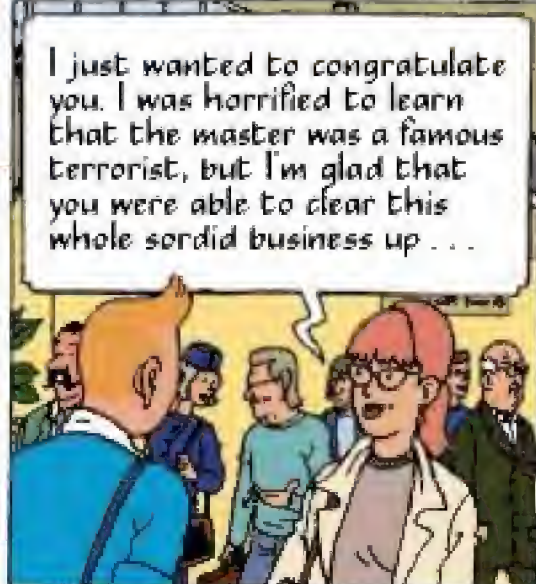
Yes, that's true.



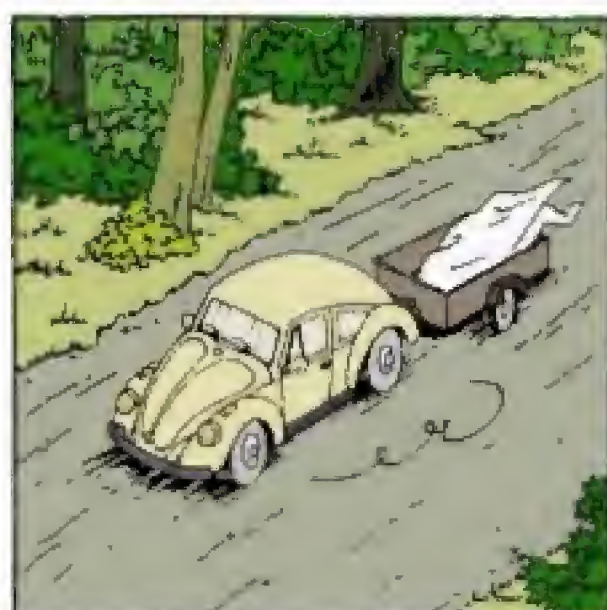
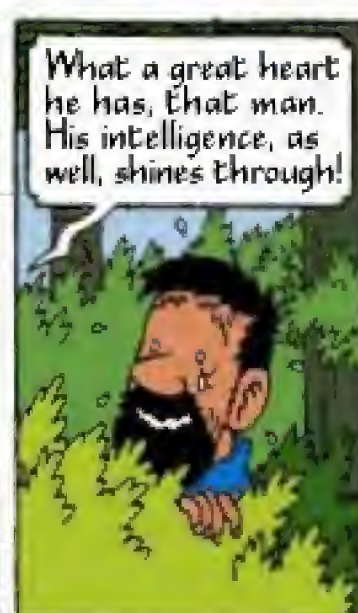
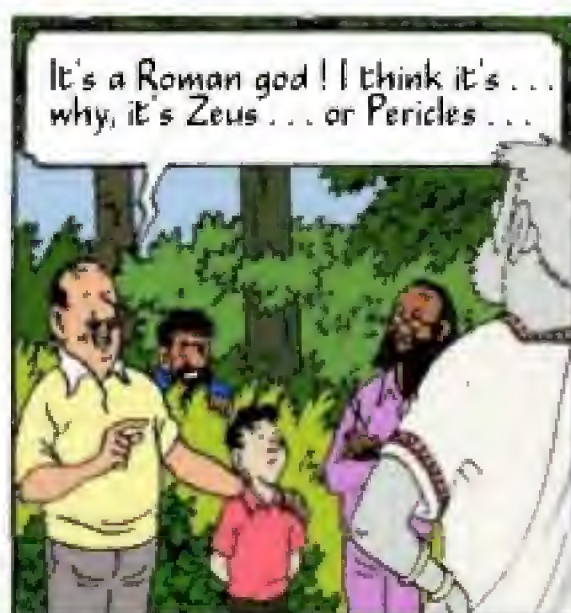
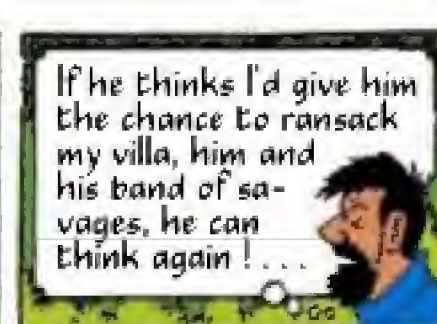
Mr Tintin ...























Revival





Rodier.













# TINTIN *and* ALPH-ART

The twenty-fourth adventure of Tintin, "Tintin and Alph-Art", was left unfinished at the time of Hergé's death on the 3rd of March, 1983.

Since then, several artists have tried their hand at finishing this ultimate adventure of Tintin. Presented here is the version drawn by Yves Rodier, a Canadian artist, in an English translation by Richard Wainman.

The intention, when creating this translation, was to remain as faithful to the original as possible, and therefore, new place names and character names have not been anglicised. This practice, which was carried out by the English translators, Leslie Lonsdale-Cooper and Michael Turner for the books in the established canon, has not been used here.